OUTLOOK
and Independent

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DECEMBER 9, 1931

"Aggressive fighting for the right is the noblest sport the world affords."
—*Theodore Roosevelt*

WITH OUR READERS

Armenia at Work

To the Editor: *New York City*

SIR—Under the caption, "Armenians Are Impossible," in the OUTLOOK of October 14, 1931, Mr. Lincoln Steffens with his very evident lack of knowledge as well as his unfounded prejudices against Armenians, and Col. T. E. Lawrence, with his extremely imperialistic and militant views, unite in their efforts to mar the good repute of your publication, by declaring from its pages such unprincipled, untrue, and inhuman propaganda in condemning all ex-civilized people, mostly Armenians, to be killed off. Above all, they want to destroy the good name of America, by suggesting that the U. S. A. should undertake the massacring.

In the first place, most of the statements made by Mr. Steffens and Col. Lawrence are entirely incorrect, and in some places very vulgar in their manner of expression. In the second place, not a single fact is given on which to base their statements.

It appears that Mr. Steffens has acquired his prejudiced views from his contact with some of the few fruit merchants in San Francisco. As for Col. Lawrence, it is clear that his ideas are derived from his associations with ignorant vagabonds. They may have known a few merchants among the Armenians who are shrewd yet honest, but they have not known the worker, the artist, the scientist and the organizer. If they do not want to look for the Armenian worker in foreign factories, and the scientists in universities, it would be advisable for them to take a trip to the Armenian Republic and see for themselves who the Armenians really are and what Armenia is doing.

It may interest them to know that a long communication has been recently obtained from the Editor of the Armenian Scientific Association of America, Dr. M. G. Sevag, who has spent six weeks in the present Armenian Republic with the intention of studying the situation there. In this paper, which will be published soon, Dr. Sevag explicitly brings out facts with photographs; facts that are absolutely contrary to the views of Mr. Steffens and Col. Lawrence. It may be interesting to know that an entirely new Armenia is being rebuilt on the ruins of the old one, since the end of the conflicts with other nations. Thousands of buildings are going up; universities, scientific centers, power houses, factories, hospitals and all kinds of institutions are being built, not by foreign labor and organizations, but solely by Armenian labor and administration. At the same time they are not "impossible," as Col. Lawrence puts it, to the other republics of the U. S. S. R. These facts prove that, in spite of his declaration that "Armenians are the most intelligent, the most perfectly selected, the most highly developed race in the world," while Armenians don't claim all these high qualities, Armenians are certainly great toilers and organizers, especially if they are free to use their creative ability without hindrance and oppression.

As Mr. Steffens acknowledges, Col. Lawrence is after imperialistic propaganda, and Mr. Steffens himself, with his ignorance of the evident facts and a mind closed to truth, propagates national hatred. Surely it is a shame and disgrace that in this twentieth century, at this stage of civilization, such crude and false statements could be put into print. It leaves us to regret that your magazine should be the object of such desecration.

Is it not time to put a stop to the spreading of the dangerous ideas of such imperialistic propagandists and of all such agitators of national hatred? Then perhaps, peace may come to humanity and the advancement of civilization may be enhanced. BARONIG BARON.

Too Many Substitutes

To the Editor: *Gary, Indiana*

SIR—The great game twixt Notre Dame and Southern California is now past history but there is one feature in inter-collegiate football that does not appeal to me and that is the unlimited number of substitutes that are allowed to be thrown into the game. Perhaps the vogue in use in Britain where substitutes are not allowed would not be suitable to the American game, but would it not be for the betterment of the game if a limit could be placed on the number of substitutes allowed in a game, by confining the number to three or five at most or better still, having it so that a substitute can only be sent in to replace an injured player. In a local theatre here in the news reel events I saw screen shots of a Rugby match twixt the South Africans (Springboks) now touring Britain and one of the English country teams, a fine fast open game in which one saw expert handling of the ball, passes being given and taken on the run; also a successful drop-kick for goal by a South African and this whilst hampered by opponents and at the same time from a difficult angle. Before the present tour of the South Africans in Britain is ended during which they will oppose not only individual clubs and county teams but also the national fifteens of England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales in the strenuous tour they will have played in anywhere from thirty-two to thirty-six football games. Yet they make this long arduous tour with a total of some twenty-five players but teams like Notre Dame, etc., will throw in more players than that in one game. In my humble estimation it is high time a limit was placed on the number of substitutes allowed in intercollegiate football. This will help the smaller colleges whilst at the same time doing no injury to the larger ones. It becomes more or less of a farce when an entirely fresh team can be flung into the fray during the last quarter against a worn and wearied opposition. To me such methods do not savor of good sportsmanship; as the British say "It's not cricket" and that short phrase means a lot in true and clean sportsmanship. So if any more reforming is on the agenda anent the inter-collegiate game, then the most praiseworthy and beneficial one will be to limit the number of substitutes to a reasonable amount—seven, say, at the outmost.
JOHN MORGAN.

The Use of Caricature

To the Editor: *Normal, Ill.*

SIR—I am asking in all sincerity why the OUTLOOK disfigures the covers of its magazine with hideous caricatures of distinguished public characters?

Caricature is the crudest form of propaganda and is employed to cast ridicule and contempt on those who may differ with or oppose us on mooted questions . . . .

The influence of caricature on the rising generation is always to create disrespect, and it seems that any magazine that stands for an open field and a fair fight should not stoop to this unmanly mode of expression, save where the characters are positively bad.

The last cover picture of William Borah is a hideous exaggeration. F. H. WALKER.

COMMENT

Cartoon by *Cesare* 450
Trend of the Week 451
Editorial 457
Backstage in Washington 458

ARTICLES

Culbertson: Soldier of Fortune 459
Andrew A. Freeman
Throwing Mud at the White House 462
Henry F. Pringle
When Congress Fought T. R. 464
Henry F. Pringle
Wozzeck 467
Marshall Kernochan

REGULAR FEATURES

Sports 468
Business 469
Theatre 470
Movies 471
Books 472
Prose and Worse 476
From the Life 477

Next Week

Japan's Stakes in Manchuria
By Paul Porter

With nearly 65,000,000 population and trends indicating 100,000,000 by 1965, the island empire must expand or burst, according to this authority.

Shackles for Business Women
By Arthemise Goertz

"Freedom for women" is a fallacy, says this business woman who thinks that office drudgery is far worse than household drudgery.

Roosevelt's Break With Taft
From Roosevelt: A Serial Biography
By Henry F. Pringle

Woodrow Wilson, Taft, and LaFollette—all were early friends of T. R. and became embittered, as narrated in this installment.

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OUTLOOK
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▸▸ Trend of the Week ◂◂

▸▸*One of a Thousand*

THERE is not much interest in the fact that on November 27 Captain Bert Hinkler, a British aviator, became the first person to cross the Atlantic from South America to Africa by plane. There may be somewhat more interest in the fact that Hinkler is the 130th person to cross the Atlantic, eastwardly or westwardly, by plane, and approximately the thousandth to cross by air. Exactly how many more than one thousand have crossed we do not know, for American newspapers did not even trouble themselves to ascertain how many passengers were carried by the Graf Zeppelin on her last voyage from Germany to Brazil. That is a commentary on the current interest in such flights.

▸▸*Story of a Flop*

PROLOGUE

PRESIDENT HOOVER calls a special session of Congress early in 1929, enunciating the principle that "no government agency should engage in the buying and selling and price-fixing of products."

CHAPTER I

On June 15, 1929, President Hoover signs the agricultural relief bill, authorizing the buying, selling and price-fixing of products by the Federal Farm Board, and announces that "we have at last made a constructive start at agricultural relief with the most important measure ever passed by Congress in the aid of a single industry." Wheat sold that day at $1.41⅞ a bushel and cotton at 19.10 cents a pound.

CHAPTER II

On November 25, 1931, Chairman Stone of the Farm Board reports to the Senate's committee on agriculture that $342,000,000 had been invested in the price-fixing of wheat and cotton and that, as of October 31, 1931, the investment was worth approximately $165,000,000—i. e., the board had lost $177,000,000. On October 31 wheat had sold at 61⅛ cents a bushel and cotton at 6.63 cents a pound.

EPILOGUE

On November 25, 1931, wheat sells at 54⅜ cents a bushel and cotton at 6.07 cents a pound, thereby increasing the $177,000,000 loss as of October 31 by at least $10,000,000.

▸▸*Charlie Decides*

CHARLIE CURTIS will stick—if he can. For weeks he was undecided whether to seek the Republican nomination for Vice-President next year or the Republican nomination for Senator from Kansas, either of which honors he could have had for the asking. On November 30 he made up his mind. "After careful consideration," he said, "I have decided not to be a candidate for the United States Senate from Kansas in 1932, and, furthermore, that if the next Republican National Convention should nominate me for Vice-President in 1932 I shall accept."

Evidently Mr. Curtis has decided that, while the prize in the vice-presidential race is far greater than that in the senatorial race, the risk of losing is not. And that, while it is no disgrace for a former-Senator to be defeated for the Vice-Presidency, it is no small disgrace for a former Vice-President to be defeated for the Senate. Republican prospects in Kansas are evidently pretty bleak, even more so than they are in the country as a whole.

In place of further opinions of our own, however, let us reprint the comment of Jay E. House, former mayor of Topeka and now columnist on the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* and the New York *Post*. Mr. House, a Republican, combines uncommon shrewdness with extraordinary knowledge of Kansas and Kansans. "Whatever is said of Mr. Curtis—and much that is good may be said—he knows his Kansas," Mr. House points out. "If he has decided that he cannot carry it as a candidate for Senator, what chance has Mr. Hoover to carry it? And if Mr. Hoover cannot carry Kansas, what can he carry?" Mr. Curtis's decision to run for Vice-President rather than for Senator strikes Mr. House as "more bad news for Mr. Hoover." That's the way it strikes us, too.

▸▸*Congress Convenes*

PANACEA CONGRESS—that is the term already applied to the first session of the Seventy-Second Congress convening on December 7. Catchy the name may be, but it will probably prove to be inaccurate. Congress is not likely to approve many panaceas. Most of the important measures which emerge from the Capitol are likely to be compromises. And not so very many important measures are likely to emerge.

Even in the most favorable circumstances, not many Congresses make bril-

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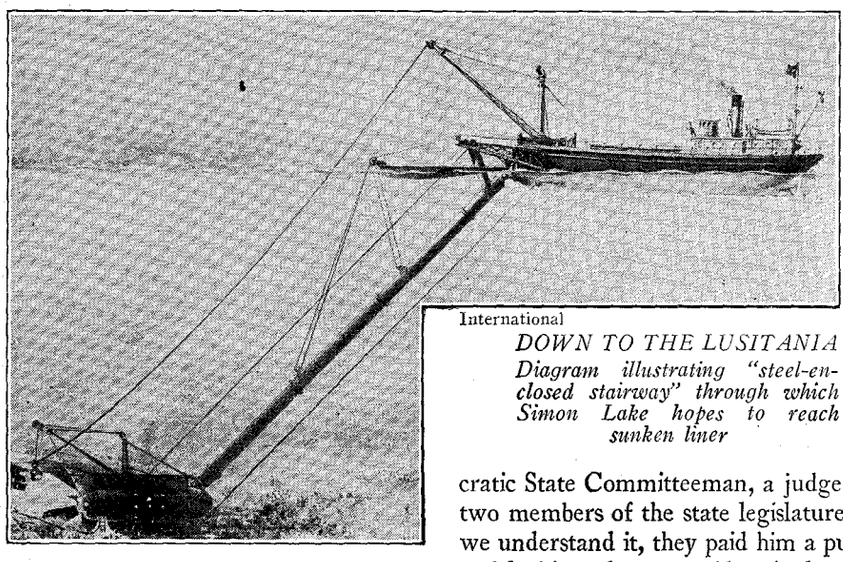

International

DOWN TO THE LUSITANIA
Diagram illustrating "steel-enclosed stairway" through which Simon Lake hopes to reach sunken liner

liant and lengthy constructive records. With a presidential election in sight, members at this session will be particularly anxious to avoid controversial subjects. Neither party has a clear mandate from the voters to put its program through. Moreover, with a small Democratic majority in the House and a small Republican majority in the Senate, this Congress is so evenly divided that either party can block the bills of the other.

There is, of course, no lack of important questions on which an ideal Congress would take wise and speedy action. During this session Congress might well revise our tariff downward, re-legalize beer, terminate price-fixing efforts by the Farm Board, appropriate funds and create effective machinery for the relief of the unemployed, adhere to the World Court, set up a system of home loan banks and revise our tax system so as to reduce our deficits. Here, aside from the Hoover moratorium, contentions about national defense and proposed transportation measures are the major problems before it. The probability is that many of them will still be before it when Congress adjourns.

▶▶*Roosevelt in Society*

WE DISLIKE to accuse Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt of being a social butterfly. We have to, though, when we see him sitting in the very center of a social whirl. We have to when he spends day after day in social activities and never speaks or thinks of serious things like politics at all.

Take a typical week in the Governor's life; the week of November 22-29, which he spent at Warm Springs, Georgia. Among his other callers on Sunday were a whole bus full of Georgia politicians, including a mayor, a Democratic State Committeeman, a judge and two members of the state legislature. As we understand it, they paid him a purely social visit and never said a single word about politics. Nor did Representative Ruth Bryan Owen of Florida, who visited him on Tuesday. "Just a social visit; you know we never talk politics," the Governor said. "I just stopped off on my way to Atlanta and Washington," said Mrs. Owen. "Just old friends," said the Governor. And no other politicians visited Mr. Roosevelt that day, except perhaps one or two.

On Wednesday, Mr. Roosevelt, denying that the visit had any political significance, received G. Beverly Irwin, of Denver, Colorado. On Thursday, Clark Howell, former Democratic National Committeeman from Georgia, dropped over from Atlanta. On Friday it was announced at Warm Springs that Senator Fletcher of Florida would pay a call in a couple of days, but the Governor pointed out that the visit would be a social one, that he and Mr. Fletcher were "just old friends" and that politics would be ignored. William Fitts, a leader in the Roosevelt movement in Birmingham, Alabama, dropped in that day too.

And that's the way it went—one social visit after another. That's why we say that Governor Roosevelt is spending too much time on social things and not enough on politics. You can't win the Presidency that way; you've got to be more political-minded. Governor Roosevelt should forget social visits for a while and have some serious political conferences with people who can do him some good. People like Clark Howell of Georgia, say, or like Representative Owen and Senator Fletcher.

▶▶*Searching the Lusitania*

DISAPPOINTMENT awaits any one who thinks that anything of historical importance will be brought up from the wreck of the Lusitania, lying two hundred feet under water ten miles off the southern coast of Ireland. The salvaging expedition of Simon Lake, American submarine builder, may conceivably succeed in reaching the ship through a long steel tube, as planned. Divers walking out of the chamber at the bottom of the tube may determine exactly what was on the Lusitania. They may even come back with her safe, as they hope to do. But contrary to the widespread expectations, they will bring up no great message for history.

This conclusion is not based on fears that the British government will prevent full disclosure of the Lusitania's discoveries. Rather, it is based on the fact that the Lusitania carried nothing of importance. Munitions! you remind us? Guns on her foredeck? Such contentions were made by the Germans when their submarine sent the Lusitania to the bottom on May 7, 1915, but they were quite beside the point. The issue in this case was simply whether Germany should be allowed to sink a merchantman without making provision for her crew and passengers. The presence or the absence of munitions or other contraband made no difference, nor did the fact that the Lusitania was or was not armed. This was recognized when the German government, in reply to President Wilson's notes, agreed henceforth not to sink merchantmen without proper warning. It was the repeated breaking of this pledge which finally brought the United States into the war. The destruction of the Lusitania came nine months after the war opened and twenty-three months before the entry of the United States. It was the most dramatic and sensational event of Germany's submarine warfare, but no great secret lies in the wreckage. Some highly important secrets of the war are, of course, still undisclosed. They lie, however, in the unpublished archives of the French government.

▶▶*Getting Personal*

WHEN A PROMINENT POLITICIAN asks the people for nothing and promises to give them a great deal, that's news. There is therefore news in the controversy between Senator Davis and Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania over their personal contributions for the relief of the unemployed.

A short time ago Governor Pinchot asked Secretary of the Treasury Mellon to lend a million dollars to unemployment relief in Pennsylvania. Senator Davis, hearing of the request, declared that if Governor Pinchot wanted a mil-

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Cowan in Boston *Transcript*

WHICH WILL EAT WHICH?

lion for this purpose he should give it himself. The Governor thereupon wrote to the Senator proposing "that you agree to give outright as large a percentage of your income as I do of mine to unemployment relief in Pennsylvania," that "you agree to lend as large a percentage of your income as I do of mine to unemployment relief when the legislature has passed the bill authorizing such loan contributions," that "you and I make public our contributions up to date and as we make them hereafter," and also suggested that "we join in making public also our income tax statements for 1930."

Senator Davis replied in part as follows: "I would like to agree to your proposition, but I do not want to limit the amount of my giving to the percentage you want to give without knowing what the percentage is. It may not be enough for me. However . . . . Mrs. Davis and I will give all of our income if you and Mrs. Pinchot will do likewise . . . . I will agree to convert our holdings and subscribe [to Pennsylvania's unemployment relief bonds] to the full extent of what I have, and Mrs. Davis will do likewise, if you and Mrs. Pinchot will subscribe to the fullest extent of what you have. Not only that, Governor, what little real property we have, as against your extensive holdings, we will agree to mortgage and make our subscription if you and Mrs. Pinchot will do the same."

What will come of this controversy, in terms of hard dollars and cents, remains to be seen. Maybe nothing will come of it. Maybe that's the catch. But so far, at any rate, the two letters probably interest the unemployed more than most statements on unemployment relief. Most statements consist of reasons why money should be given by someone else.

▸▸*Comedy of Errors*

DEVELOPMENTS in the Manchurian affair during the week of November 25 to December 2 were colorful rather than important. One was the suddenly started, suddenly stopped, advance of Japanese troops from Mukden against Chinchow, center for the remnants of the forces of Chang Hsueh-liang, deposed Manchurian war lord. The Japanese troops set out from Mukden on November 27, apparently intending to advance through Chinchow to Tientsin, seaport for Peiping and scene of violent rioting during the past few weeks. For some reason or other, this drive was halted a few miles from Mukden. Not, however, before it caused Secretary of State Stimson a good deal of embarrassment.

On November 27 Mr. Stimson told newspaper correspondents that he was unable to understand the report of the Japanese advance against Chinchow, since he had been assured from Tokio that none would take place. A sensational version of this interview, published in Japan, charged him with having said, among other things, that the war party was in control in Tokio, that the Japanese army was running amuck in Manchuria, that Japan intended to occupy Manchuria completely. When these remarks came to the attention of Japanese officials they fairly flamed with wrath and lost no time in making their anger known.

Secretary Stimson thereupon called in the correspondents again and explained that he had never made the remarks attributed to him in the Japanese version. Japanese officials therefore promptly forgave him and our ambassador to Tokio laughingly dismissed the incident as a "comedy of errors." It had, to be sure, many comical features. Not the least comical feature was the speed and vehemence with which Secretary Stimson denied having uttered three obvious truths. For, though the Secretary says he never said so, the war party *is* in control in Tokio, the Japanese army *is* running amuck in Manchuria and, excluding perhaps a small strip of territory in the south, Japan *does* intend to occupy Manchuria completely.

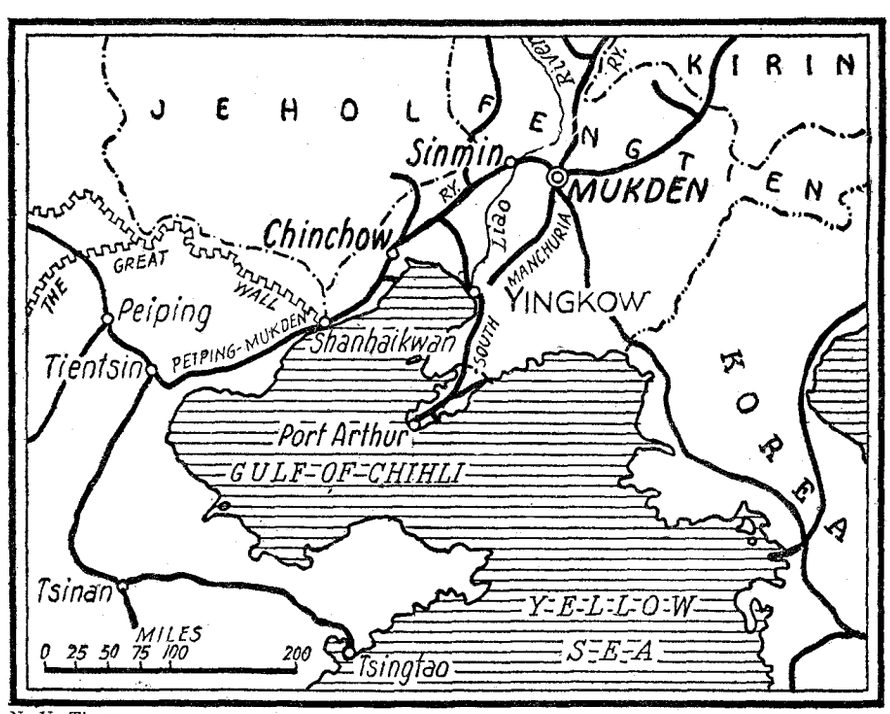
▸▸*Wage Cut in Hollywood*

(RONALDO GILCROFTMESS, star of *Passion's Passion,* rushes into room where his bride of a week, Dolorion Swanchatlow, star of *Her Sin of Sins,* is lying asleep on a bed spread with ermine and strewn with orchids.)

R.—Darling, wake up! The morning paper says all the actors and actresses in Hollywood are going to get their salaries cut 20 to 50 per cent.

D.—Where's that paper? Read it to me.

R.—Well, now, darling, you know I—



N. Y. Times

THE FAR-EASTERN FRONT

Map shows relation of Chinchow, temporary Manchurian capital, to cities of Peiping and Mukden

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D.—All right, then, call the fifth footman. He knows how to read.

R.—It's true, I tell you. The point is, what are we going to do? Here we are getting $25,000 a week apiece. That's $50,000. Suppose they cut our salaries 50 per cent. We'd get—ah—

D.—Call the fifth footman.

R.—We'd each get $12,500. We'd have to live on $25,000 a week.

D.—Impossible.

R.—Maybe we could if you'd economize.

D.—Oh, yeah? How about that half million dollars' worth of tiger skins you just ordered for your den?

R.—I've got to have those tiger skins. My old ones are a sight. How about your gold mesh dog-blankets? What about your new solid ivory limousine? I should give up my tiger skins and maybe my daily champagne rubdown while you give toboggan parties on snow imported from Switzerland?

D.—We'll simply have to get a divorce. I'll marry Lionald Novalier. He gets $500,000 a week. Even with a fifty per cent cut I can make out on that.

R.—Well, if you say so. I could—let's see—I might marry Joanna Garstanyez.

D.—Don't be silly; you've *been* married to her.

R.—Eh? So I have, so I have. But she's making three times my salary, and a remarriage always goes over big with the public. I say, though, Dolorion—you and I have only been married a week.

D.—Well, hard times is hard times.

R.—Maybe you're right at that. Well, I'll be toddling. So long, darling. It's been an awfully nice marriage. One of the very best.

▸▸*Deficit Inevitable*

Congress meets this year under cheerless auspices. Gone is the palmy period of Treasury surpluses, gone the pleasant exercise of reducing taxes. In their stead Congress has both the memory of the $900,000,000 deficit for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1931, and the prospect of a much larger deficit for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1932. It also has the distasteful job of increasing taxes, doubly distasteful in view of the coming presidential elections, trebly so since times are hard. Yet the job must be tackled. Congressmen know that federal expenditures have been mounting and federal receipts declining since June 30, 1931. They know that if new taxes are not levied and old taxes raised, the Treasury at the end of the present fiscal year will have taken in less than two billions and spent more than four billions. Forced to choose between higher taxes and a 2,000,000,000 deficit, Congress inevitably chooses the former.

A year ago Mr. Hoover predicted that even without extra taxes there would be a surplus on June 30, 1932. The actual fact is that even with extra taxes there will be a deficit. Study of the sources of federal revenue will make this perfectly plain. Operating from January through June, when the fiscal year ends, even a hundred per cent increase in the rates of the corporation and individual

HECKLER
Orlando Spartaco, anti-Fascist who shouted at Grandi

income taxes would yield but $500,000,000 extra at most. Even a fifty per cent increase in the internal revenue taxes—principally on tobacco—would yield but $150,000,000 extra at most. Even a fifty per cent increase in the miscellaneous internal revenue taxes, such as estate taxes, would yield but $100,000,000 extra at most. Finally, the customs receipts and the receipts from minor remaining sources can hardly be increased at all. Certainly these are the maximum rates to which taxes might conceivably be raised. But even at such extreme rates they would yield but $750,000,000 to offset a deficit of at least two billion.

Shall we extend federal income taxes to the wage earner and reduce exemptions on the middle classes? That has been suggested, but it would produce very little revenue. As matters stand, 380,000 wealthy persons pay 97 per cent of all individual income taxes as compared with the three per cent paid by 2,500,000 persons in the middle classes. Reducing the exemptions on the 2,500,000 and taxing 2,500,000 others would yield but $50,000,000 or so, while the need is for $1,250,000,000.

Shall we levy a sales tax, then? We may, but we can hardly raise a billion and a quarter dollars from a sales tax during a half year of operation. No matter what we do, we cannot eliminate this forthcoming two-billion deficit. The most we can do is to reduce it.

▸▸*Higher Taxes, Too*

If higher taxes cannot prevent a federal deficit next June, what can be done? A great deal. Our job is, first, to keep the deficit for the present fiscal year as low as possible and, secondly, to eradicate it thereafter. This means broadening and amending our tax system. It means all the old taxes plus many new ones. It means high rates on the new taxes and higher rates on the old.

If economics and not politics were king in Washington our course would be clear. By this time we would have had a non-partisan inquiry into possible sources of federal revenue. We would have learned which sources to tap and which to let alone. We would know exactly what we could get in revenues and how and where to get it. As things stand, the Administration has confused the entire question by babbling of economy and talking of avoiding higher taxes altogether. The fact is, however, that higher taxes are unavoidable and that they must hit everyone. The twenty per cent tax on incomes over $100,000 must be increased. The taxes on smaller incomes must also be increased. There must be increased levies on corporation incomes as well as on some goods now paying internal revenues. When all this is done, however, the job will barely have been started. The long and short of it is that there must be new taxes wherever new taxes can be borne. Undoubtedly there should be a sales tax of some sort. It is not an agreeable prospect, but there it is and we might as well face it.

▸▸*Even-Handed Justice*

When Dino Grandi arrived in Philadelphia on November 20, Orlando Spartaco, twenty-six-year-old anti-Fascist, jumped on the runningboard of the automobile carrying the distinguished visitor and shouted: "Down with Mussolini! Down with Grandi! You're murdering Italian youth!" For this offence he was arrested, charged with inciting to riot, and sentenced by Judge McDevitt to serve two years in prison. Though Grandi himself has asked that clemency be shown to Spartaco, Judge

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McDevitt declares: "The man deserved the sentence; he is in the county jail and there he will stay unless the Board of Pardons or a higher court interferes."

Now it so happened that, on the day of the Spartaco incident in Philadelphia, a correspondent of the New York *Times* sent out an item from Washington reading in part as follows: "Albert B. Fall, former Secretary of the Interior, who is serving a prison term of a year and a day in New Mexico for accepting a $100,000 bribe from Edward L. Doheny, California oil man, today became eligible for the parole for which he applied about six weeks ago. His case now is formally before the Federal Parole Board."

We rather hope that Spartaco did not see this item. So hot-headed a young fellow might get to thinking that there are flaws in American justice.

▸▸*Mrs. Sabin's Poll*

WETS should be stimulated by the incomplete returns from the poll of Congress undertaken by the Women's Organization for National Prohibition Reform. Mrs. Charles H. Sabin, chairman of the women's organization, has asked the members of Congress one question: "Will you vote to consider—and will you vote in favor of—a proposal under Article 5 of the Constitution of the United States for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment thereto, to be submitted to the convention in the several states for ratification or rejection?" Up to the first of December 251 answers had been received, 44 from Senators and 207 from Representatives. Of these, 15 Senators and 134 Representatives said that they would vote for submission. One cannot hazard a guess as to how many of the 52 Senators and 228 Representatives who have not as yet replied will favor submission, but of course no one believes that a complete poll will show a number large enough to pass such a measure—*i. e.*, 64 Senators and 790 Representatives. That is the long-time objective of the wets; the poll suggests how far they have to go to reach it and is encouraging because the wets, far away as they are, are nevertheless closer to the goal than the dry victories in 1928 and only partially wet victories in 1930 had led people to suppose.

The poll, however, is more interesting than conclusive, for the real test will come in the 1932 election. There are many indications that the wets will gain materially in these elections just as they gained in the elections of 1930 and 1931. The practical value of Mrs. Sabin's poll will accrue in the primary and election campaigns. By pinning congressmen down on the question of submission, the poll will help wet voters to expel both those who opposed submission and those who refuse to answer.

Remarkable Remarks

A real way to relieve unemployment would be to give employment.—ARTHUR BRISBANE.	*John P. Egan, 615 Fifth Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., $5 prize.*
The people are cheerful; although, of course, they are feeling the effects of the times.—VICE-PRESIDENT CHARLES CURTIS.	*Ray W. Frohman, 1181 West 36th St., Los Angeles, Calif., $2 prize.*
The trend of international trade throughout the world offers conclusive proof that the current world-wide economic upheaval is a result of causes over which the United States government has no control.—SENATOR REED SMOOT.	*E. H. Frost, Summerville, S. C., $2 prize.*
The best thing about depressions is that you always live through them and emerge much fatter.—"BUGS" BAER.	*Henry Charles Suter, S. Jacksonville, Fla., $2 prize.*
Japan will not resort to war. The military measures which she has taken . . . . are in the nature of police functions.—BARON SHIDEHARA.	*O. E. Gilleland, Bloomington, Calif., $2 prize.*
The people of Chicago are grateful for a healthy city in which to live and in which to rear their families.—MAYOR A. J. CERMAK.	*Mrs. Wm. Klockner, 1209 S. Race St., Urbana, Ill., $2 prize.*
There has never been a social war in Washington—VICE-PRESIDENT CHARLES CURTIS.	*Garrett Hardin, 7625 Essex Ave., Chicago, Ill., $2 prize.*
When you see a first-class football team in operation, you see a human mechanism which it has taken centuries of training, experience and inherited talent to produce.—M. E. TRACY.	*Allen Glasser, 1610 University Ave., Bronx, New York, $2 prize.*
A successful writer might in walking down the street easily be mistaken for a plumber.—SINCLAIR LEWIS.	*Mrs. J. M. Stone, 1218 24th St., Longview, Washington, $2 prize.*
I know when to keep my mouth shut.—MAJ. GEN. SMEDLEY D. BUTLER.	*Wm. E. Christie, 201 Highland Ave., Detroit, Mich., $2 prize.*
Women want leisure. They want cigarettes. They want to go places. They want culture, but not too much of it.—ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON.	*Mrs. Olive M. Hagar, 5540 Pershing Ave., St. Louis, Mo., $2 prize.*

Conditions governing the Remarkable Remarks contest will be found on page 476

▸▸*Amateur $port*

IT WOULD seem proper that an amateur sport like college football be carried on in amateur fashion. It would also seem proper that an economic question like unemployment relief be carried on in professional, thoroughly businesslike fashion. We judge from the financial record of the recent Boston College-Holy Cross football game, however, that things are getting reversed. College football goes offensively professional and unemployment relief stays strictly and ridiculously amateur.

Press reports indicate that the gross receipts of this game, which, according to the advertisements, was played for the benefit of Boston's unemployed, came to $75,000. Although no charge was made for the Harvard Stadium, where the game was played, $15,000 was due for the rental of Fenway Park, where the game was originally scheduled to be played. This left $60,000, of which $21,000 was earmarked for operating and advertising expenses, which left $39,000. But not $39,000 for the unemployed. Oh, dear no. It seems that the teams had been guaranteed $30,000 each; guaranteed $30,000 each, mind

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you, to play for the benefit of the unemployed, with the tickets sold on the assumption that the money would go to

Keystone

SPOKE FOR SECURITY
Paul Painlevé, who presented French thesis at Paris arms conference

the needy. Possibly the athletic funds of these colleges are needy, too. But they won't be much longer if they keep on playing for the benefit of the destitute.

▸▸*The Farce of Paris*

THE UNOFFICIAL disarmament conference at Paris in November foreshadowed the official disarmament conference at Geneva in February. Therein lay its significance. The Paris conference was a farce. The Geneva conference probably will be a bigger farce. The Paris conference ended in hysterical riots. The Geneva conference probably will end in hypocritical platitudes.

More than a thousand delegates, representing 362 peace societies in thirty countries, met in Paris on November 25 to hold a two-day conference on arms reduction. Now note the developments carefully, for they will doubtless be duplicated at Geneva. First, Paul Painlevé, former Premier of France, got himself badly heckled and hissed by upholding the French thesis of security first, arms reduction next. Delegates from other countries, conveniently forgetting Manchuria, replied that France had already obtained security through the League Covenant, Locarno treaties and Kellogg pact. But not security enough, said M. Painlevé. And that is what happened the first day.

What happened the next day? Ask Alanson B. Houghton, former American ambassador to Germany, trustee of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, member of the Peace Foundation of Boston, and chairman of the Committee on International Justice and Good-Will of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America. Mr. Houghton left the conference hall gasping: "I don't know what to say. I never saw anything like it before in my life." It was a riot. Partly because they resented the heckling of M. Painlevé, French nationalists invaded the hall and made life miserable for the speakers. One after another they arose. One after another, they were jeered, insulted and howled down. Meanwhile fist-fights raged all over the hall. Poor Mr. Houghton, booed for ten minutes, was unable to say an intelligible word. "Down with disarmament!" shouted the crowd—not only the nationalists, most of the audience—and sang *The Marseillaise*, especially the refrain, "May an impure blood bathe our hills."

The conference at Geneva will be more polite. Smiles will take the place of shouts, bows the place of beatings. But like the unofficial conference in Paris it will probably go right to pieces on the rock of French security. And then perhaps other countries will begin to realize that when France says "More security or more arms" she means it.

▸▸*Calls for Commissions*

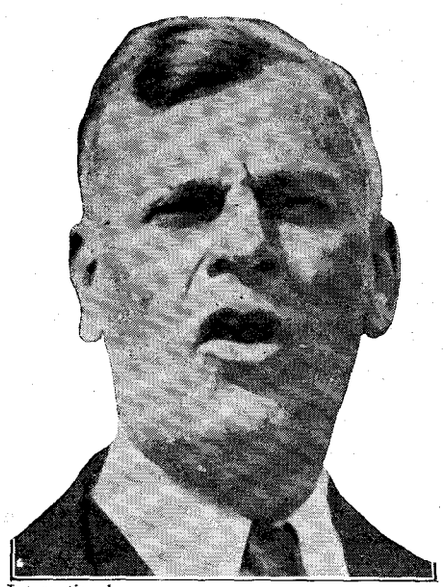
THERE IS BUT one course for Mr. Hoover to take in regard to the statements by Charles Francis Adams, his Secretary of the Navy, and by Walter Bruce Howe, chairman of the Navy League. That is the course he took in regard to the recent attack on his naval program by the president of the Navy League, William Howard Gardiner. Mr. Hoover turned upon Mr. Gardiner and appointed a commission to investigate the accuracy of his statements. To be consistent, he must now appoint another commission to investigate the statements by Mr. Howe and still another commission to investigate the statements by Secretary Adams.

Why not? Mr. Gardiner declared that Mr. Hoover was restricting, reducing and starving the Navy. Mr. Howe now declares, first, that the Gardiner statements were "well warranted" and, secondly, that the Hoover commission which investigated them made statements that were incorrect and misleading. Moreover, Mr. Howe charges Mr. Hoover with "an unconstructive record as to naval building."

Surely such declarations as these merit investigation by a Hoover commission. And so do those of Secretary Adams. Mr. Adams has sent a report to the White House declaring that, in the opinion of experienced and far-seeing officers, appropriations above and beyond Mr. Hoover's limit "are essential to provide adequately for the navy's minimum requirements within treaty limits." Mr. Hoover can scarcely let it go unchallenged. A President can't go gunning for an unimportant citizen like Mr. Gardiner and then keep quiet when a Cabinet officer says substantially the same thing. It simply isn't done.

▸▸*In Brief*

WHAT'S the matter with Kansas, Charlie? . . . . It is expected that snow and cold will soon put an end to the hostilities in Manchuria. Our candidate for the Nobel peace prize: Winter. . . . "Virgin Island Slump Laid to Sex Laxity"—newspaper headline. Confusing, eh? . . . . First Finland's Wickersham commission submits a series of courageous and definite recommendations on prohibition; next the people are given opportunity to vote on prohibition in a national referendum. There are times when we fear that Finland will never become thoroughly Americanized. . . . At other times, though, we're more hopeful, for example when we note that Finland has just staged a nice little lynching. . . . Don't believe that story that five American ticket holders won prizes in the Manchester November handicap, that great English sweepstake race. Federal authorities long ago decided not to let



International

HITS AT HOOVER
Walter Bruce Howe, chairman of the Navy League's board of directors

any more foreign sweepstakes tickets come into the United States. How, then, could any have come in?

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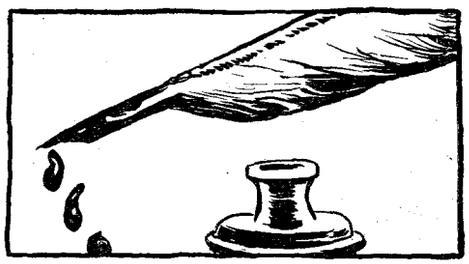
▶▶ Message for Mr. Hoover ◀◀



On Tuesday, December 7th, President Hoover will present his annual message to the houses of Congress. We have received no advance copy, but we have been thinking it over and we suggest the following. "Gentlemen: Despite the world-wide depression, the past twelve months have seen the furtherance and completion of many and various enterprises calculated to increase the well-being of the Nation. Among these may be enumerated education, scientific invention, child health and a new conception of the value of leisure. Noteworthy advances have been made in all these lines.

▶▶ Due to the world-wide depression, the last twelve months have seen only a partial recovery of American business. I again call your attention, however, as I did in 1929 and also in 1930, to the gradually increasing upturn in basic conditions. Naturally, much remains to be done, even under a Republican administration, before the American people reaches that happy state in which poverty shall have been abolished. But our abiding faith in the integrity of the Nation enables us to face the future courageously. During the past few weeks the prices of commodities have taken their long expected rise. The natural resources of our great country remain unimpaired. All attempts to confuse and lead the people into the devious bypaths of untried economic theory have been resisted. Although the exact figures are debatable, the tide of unemployment has been stemmed. Furthermore, now that the pressure of public opinion has been brought to bear upon unpatriotic short sellers, the recent rise in prices can be expected to continue so long as the Republican party is in power. Where bank credit is concerned, artificial restrictions have been removed by the formation of the National Credit Corporation. Republican Home Loan Banks, Inc., will soon stimulate home building, including the construction of two-car garages. Abroad, a moratorium for Germany has been proclaimed to prevent a major world cataclysm. Thus, both at home and abroad your Administration has refused in any way to be drawn into business and at the same time has left no stone unturned to prevent the depression from striking at the American home. Largely because of this, the economic structure of the country has passed safely through a storm beneath the force of which other countries have crashed. Even the Farm Board has operated to protect the American farmer from the full force of the blow felt by agriculturists in other lands.

▶▶ Due to the world-wide depression, a certain measure of relief has been found necessary for a small proportion of our citizens—I wish I could say how small. Despite pressure to the contrary, their relief has been accomplished in accordance with the American tradition. Following my previous initiation of a national drive for local relief funds, I have set up an even more extensive and better publicized organization, which has succeeded in securing the coöperation of governors, mayors, local committees and community leaders everywhere. The success which has attended these efforts in every community is such that we can rest assured that every real American citizen will be taken care of in his own home during the coming winter. As usual, seventy per cent of the fund for relief this year will be appropriated by local governments as a dole, but broadly considered this is not a dole since it is not so named. In any event, as a result of my consistent favoring of more money from the Treasury for some citizens and less money from the Treasury for other citizens, exactly the same amount of money has been appropriated.

▶▶ Despite the world-wide depression, the efficiency of the Army and Navy has been maintained at the high point demanded by the safety and traditions of the United States. The Administration calls attention to its success in bringing about great naval economies while at the same time increasing naval appropriations over the fiscal year 1931. The United States has coöperated with all agencies in their efforts to maintain the peace of the world. While preserving the traditional American attitude of no foreign entanglements, this government has lent its full support to every move for the betterment of the relations between governments. Repeated statements upon peace and disarmament have been issued by the Government, all of which have had their full effect. Despite these, let no one be misled into the belief that any necessary or scheduled naval building on our part or any one else's will cease. Where the subject of reduction of international debts is concerned, I reaffirm my previous stand—I am neither for nor against it.

▶▶ In a world-wide depression, the strength of a country rests with its children. We must look to them for the future. For the child of today is the Republican voter of tomorrow. A national conference has been held upon the subject of child health, which has resulted already in the raising of the standard of health of every child in the United States.

In general, despite the world-wide depression, it can be said that the Government has met and solved the problem of the railroad, the banker, the farmer, the grape-grower, the home builder, the friends of peace and war and those still in favor of law enforcement. Some wages may have been reduced, but the standard of living of the country itself remains wholly unimpaired. At some future date the Philippines, migratory birds, hunting licenses, Indian affairs, Muscle Shoals and prohibition will be taken up. Meanwhile, comprehensive studies of crime have been made with no conclusion whatever, due to the difficulty of the subject. These definite suggestions are advanced by the Executive with the hope that Congress will consider the proper measures for their enactment. America faces the future with serene confidence. Certainly, if spiritual values were taxable, there would be no deficit.

The Editors

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Backstage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WE UNDERSTAND that President Hoover is grievously dissatisfied with Secretary Stimson's conduct in connection with the Manchurian crisis. The differences are more deep-rooted, we hear, than a dispute as to the wisest method to pursue in preventing the total collapse of the machinery for world peace to which Mr. Hoover has paid so many fulsome tributes. Whereas Mr. Stimson, in that well-meaning but stumbling manner we have frequently mentioned, has pressed forward without thought of practical politics in an effort to make good the Administration's peaceful pledges, Mr. Hoover, perhaps of necessity, has been forced to temper his policy by thoughts of the political effect at home.

Were it not for the pressure of public opinion, we get word that the Administration would never have interfered in the Sino-Japanese crisis. When Japan made her first threatening advance almost two months ago, neither Mr. Hoover nor Mr. Stimson showed any particular interest. It was only when our part in erecting the Kellogg and Nine-Power peace treaties was emphasized that the Administration bestirred itself by sending a note of sympathetic, and active, coöperation to the League of Nations. Mr. Stimson, of course, did not take this step, and assign Prentiss Gilbert to sit with the League Council on his own initiative. President Hoover agreed to this move, which, for a time, halted Japan's warlike operations, but the Chief Executive backed away as soon as Messrs. Borah, Johnson, Norris and Moses uttered denunciations of this policy. As soon as the United States withdrew from its rôle as one of the nations seeking to bring the influence of world opinion on the warring nations, Japan again sent its soldiers further into Manchuria, and the press and politicians of Japan had naught but praise for the American policy, and criticism for the League. When the United States assumed an aggressive attitude, it was noticeable, and remarked upon at the State Department, that Japan began to talk peace and negotiations; when the United States crept into its shell, Japan again spoke with guns and bombs, and the absorption of Manchuria continued.

All during this period Mr. Stimson was a figure to be pitied. Each day he exuded optimism for a peaceful settlement of the dispute, although he declined to make public the grounds for his confidence. He was, he said, "optimistic" even when Japanese troops were taking Tsitsihar, when they were penetrating northward toward Russian territory, when both China and Japan were rejecting the League's proposals. Every effort to obtain some information concerning his diplomatic activities, either independently or in collaboration with the League, was met with the reply that it might prove dangerous to make them public. He scoffed at suggestions that the United States was again taking part in that "secret diplomacy" so often condemned by recent Republican spokesmen. He demanded that the public, and the Congress, have faith in him, and show no curiosity. Bitter and hostile and searching questions from press representatives, and editorial denunciation, failed to move him.

DURING this period, also, Mr. Stimson exhibited a spirit of naïveté one would hardly look for in a foreign minister of a world power. When, contrary to our expectations, Japan despatched its soldiery into the vicinity of the Nonni River, State Department officials explained that the movement was due solely to Japan's desire to repair destroyed bridges so that the soya bean crop might be moved out to ports in Southern Manchuria. William R. Castle, Jr., who, we suspect, does not share his superior's trustfulness, had to smile covertly as he gave out this explanation. It was only a few days later, however, that severe fighting developed in this neighborhood, and the Japanese gained a notable military success in the "battle of the soya beans." After each engagement, however, Ambassador Debuchi tripped down to the State Department to protest that his nation wanted only peace, and was simply safeguarding its nationals. Each time, too, the Ambassador, abandoning his characteristic reticence, paused to inform the correspondents of the righteousness of Japan's cause and the innocence of his government's motives. Did not the crisis mean so much to the world's hopes for ending or minimizing war through resort to Courts and Leagues and Treaties of Peace, it would have been a laughable spectacle. Nobody who kept in close touch with these events could help but feel sorry for the Secretary of State, even though they admired his motives, his obvious desire to believe that all would yet be well. American diplomacy, however, was outsmarted at every turn by the Oriental representatives, and crippled at home by the Administration's refusal, in the face of political attack, to take a firm stand, to act boldly with the League or proceed bravely without it. So Japan won the war, and captured every strategic center in Manchuria.

When Mr. Stimson did take a stand, and a bold one, he was again restrained from making it good. Despite his subsequent backdown in the face of a sharp statement from the Japanese Foreign Office that hinted at "grave consequences," he did intend, when he discussed the advance on Chinchow, to comment on Japan's pledges and good faith. It was, we are informed, clear from his manner and forceful tone that he thought he had, at last, a definite case. Every correspondent, whether he represented Administration or anti-Administration newspapers, whether he wrote for an anti- or pro-League journal, placed this interpretation upon Mr. Stimson's remarks. Although the despatches to Tokio which provoked the Japanese Foreign Office may have been more frank than Mr. Stimson was, we believe they reflected his general viewpoint, namely, that Japan had not kept her pledge not to move against the Chinese capital in Southern Manchuria. Although he could not afford to say so, to every fair-minded observer it was simply another flouting of an America which, since the beginning of the trouble, had shown itself unwilling to take a definite and stout stand one way or the other.

JAPAN, at this moment, was, to put it bluntly, on the run. As State Department observers so pertly put it, "When you get the Japanese Foreign Office talking, it means they are worried." Japan, obviously, feared that at last the United States was to condemn its motives and methods before the bar of public opinion —a judgment which Japan could hardly have endured from the world's most powerful nation and Japan's best customer. But, after a conference with President Hoover, Mr. Stimson, red-faced and upset, publicly explained that he had been misquoted and misunderstood. And the smiling Ambassador Debuchi, only a few minutes later, turned up at the State Department to accept our apology, and, once again, to proclaim that Japan is a friend of world peace.

A. F. C.

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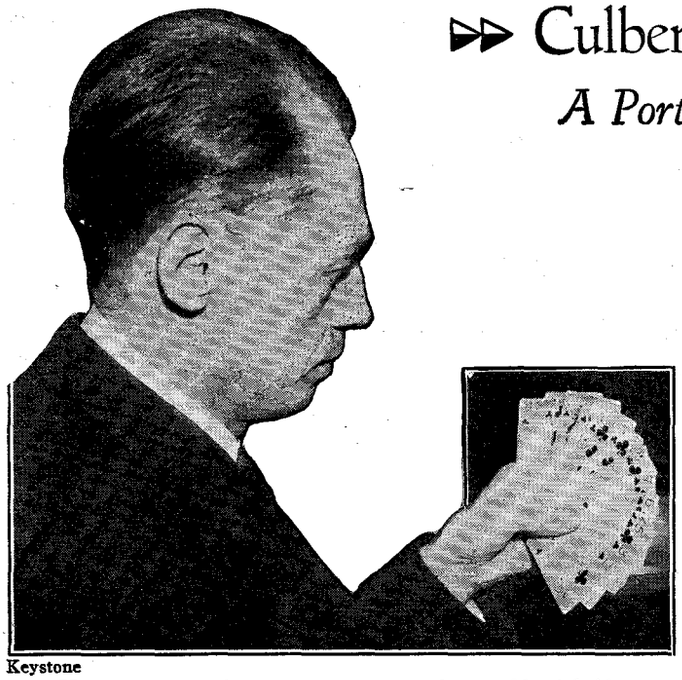
▶▶ Culbertson: Soldier of Fortune ◀◀

A Portrait of the Magnate of Bridge

By ANDREW A. FREEMAN



Keystone

He carried revolutionary ideas into the world of bridge

TO HUNDREDS of thousand women bridge players he is a greater figure than Albert Einstein, Babe Ruth or Bobby Jones. To most of their husbands he is the Barnum of the card world.

Not only is Culbertson a profound student of cards and an innovator, but he is also an organizer who has made bridge instruction a big business bringing him a fortune. If we are to accept his word, bridge has emerged from the morass of economic depression as one business which continues to show increasing profits. At least so the books of Culbertson show.

Probably that is why aristocratic necks stiffen when Culbertson enters the sacrosanct portals of the Whist or the Knickerbocker Whist Clubs. Here on the Olympus where the gods of contract dwell, Culbertson's claim to the discovery of the forcing system in bidding, the latest convention at bridge tables from Sauk Centre to Park Avenue, is vigorously disputed. It was predicted that the recent organization of bridge headquarters by Work, Lenz and other experts to sponsor the so-called official system of bidding, might have the effect of checking the vogue of Culbertson's methods, and yet it is doubtful whether even so formidable a consolidation of bridge minds can shake the pedestal on which this suave master now stands. How can they expect to compete with a man who calls his wife the only partner he cares to play with and who has the perspicacity to make public his sincere belief that women are better bridge players than men. That statement was broadcast by a press which thrives on the sure-fire circulation value of controversy involving the sexes. To say that it helped promote sales of everything that Culbertson sells in connection with bridge, including lessons, books, syndicated articles, lectures, tables, lamps, pencils, cards, etc., is putting it mildly.

Aside from the business aspect of the game, he is one of the world's best players. He captained the winning 1930 Vanderbilt Cup team, and the group which defeated the British last year. On the jacket of his "Contract Bridge Blue Book," which he publishes himself, he says he is "Today's American and International Champion Bridge Player and World's Greatest Card Authority." Yet the gods of the bridge world criticized his victory of the Vanderbilt Cup. George Reith, manager of the Knickerbocker Whist Club, posted a notice on the bulletin board to the effect that Culbertson won the trophy after being warned by the cup committee. He said that Culbertson and his partner withheld their score card until that of the other members of his team of four was ready to be turned in. Culbertson denied the charge in his *Bridge World* Magazine, saying: "Mr. George Reith prevaricates deliberately and not in blissful ignorance."

Mr. Reith took the liberty to point out in reply that no national tournament committee has been called in session during the last two years to consider a protest unless Culbertson appeared either as plaintiff or defendant.

When Culbertson announced his team consisting of Baron Waldemar von Zedwitz, Theodore A. Lightner, Mrs. Culbertson and himself to represent the United States against Great Britain, the American Bridge League accused him of organizing the contest as "a personal promotion of Ely Culbertson." Culbertson replied that his team was unquestionably one of the three best in the United States.

Had it not been for his wife, Culbertson might have been a professor in the social sciences instead of a leader in the bridge world. Although his income today ranks with those of captains of industry, he prefers to style himself an intellectual monarchist. Yet Culbertson has been a social revolutionist and even at one time believed in the academic principles of anarchy. Although it is now more than ten years since he was active in the cause of bringing about a political brotherhood of man, many of his former associates, now termed Reds, say that the world of social revolutions lost a good man when Ely Culbertson turned to bridge.

There was no good reason for Culbertson to be a radical. He inherited a Slavic intellectual alertness from his mother who was the daughter of an *ataman* (Russian Cossack chieftain). The ability to apply his mental faculties to material things he got from his father, A. E. Culbertson, as well as a membership in the Sons of the American Revolution. The elder Culbertson was a geologist of Scotch Covenanter descent who left his home in Oil City, Pa., to help develop the oil fields of the Russian Caucasus.

DESPITE his ancestry and luxuries which gushing petroleum bore in its wake, Ely became a revolutionist at the age of 13. At the gymnasium in Vladikavkaz, about 100 miles from his home in the Groznyi oil fields, he was regarded as something of a prodigy. His favorite authors were Schopenhauer, Artzibashev, Tolstoi and he would sit far into the night discussing their philosophy with his schoolmates over innumerable glasses of tea. The forerunner of the Bolshevist revolution in 1905 captured young Culbertson's imagination and he became active in organizing a secret revolutionary committee among the students. Although he spoke no English he was known as the *Amerikanitz*. He had an American passport and used it once on a trip to Switzerland to smuggle to his classmates copies of *Iskra* (The Spark), the official Russian revolutionary organ among the editors of which was Lenin.

During an uprising on the Black Sea coast, Ely was arrested in Sochi near Batum, where he had gone as a delegate of his school committee to aid the revolutionists. He had forgotten to carry his passport and the police refused to believe he was an American. His cell mates were

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five men condemned to death for their part in the outbreak against the Czar. For two months he remained in prison, passing the time playing chess and reading Upton Sinclair's "The Jungle." When he was shipped home he became inflamed with the idea that inequality was the basis of all human suffering and that he must do his share to right the wrong.

He did not get an opportunity until several months after he arrived in America. He had completed his course in the gymnasium and traveled through Europe trying to decide which university he should enter to study sociology. When he found he could not pass an exam in Freshman English at Yale, he hired a tutor with the allowance of $300 a month he got from his father and settled down to master his seventh language. The more he learned of English the more he was convinced that Yale had little to offer him. Compared with his classmates at the gymnasium in the Caucasus, the Yale student lived an emotional life of a 10-year-old, with a critical faculty wholly undeveloped.

When he had acquired a fair knowledge of English he set out for Montreal. There he got himself a job as timekeeper with a gang of Galician and Ukrainian laborers on their way to the Canadian Rockies to complete the railway to Prince Rupert. They received a wage of $3 a day, but the laborers complained that all of this was taken back by unreasonably high prices in the railroad contractors' commissary stores. Through his ability to speak the language of the laborers, Culbertson helped to organize a strike. The walk-out took place two weeks before freezing, a time most valuable in construction work, because no dynamiting could be done when the temperature was low. In two days the strike was settled, and by the terms of the settlement Culbertson was to leave camp, 200 miles from Edmonton, Alberta, and he had to walk. Workers who had heard of the strike at Yellow Head smuggled food to him at night, when he failed to get it from the despised commissaries. On his arrival at Edmonton, he was arrested by the Northwest Mounted Police and jailed for a day as a dangerous radical.

He was without a penny. Months of allowances were waiting for him in San Francisco and the only way to get there was to "ride the rods." He suffered hunger, aching muscles and other discomforts which attend this mode of travel, until he was initiated into hobo circles. There he learned how to "bum" meals and he improved on the technique by appearing at backdoors with the manners of a Louis XV. Most of his associates among the knights of the road were members of the I. W. W., soldiers of fortune fighting under the banner of social revolt wherever they found it. Criminals were barred and the man who could not discuss the Marxian theory was ostracized.

International

THE VANDERBILT CUP
Won by Culbertson's team

He ate three meals a day until he arrived in Medford, Oregon, near the California border, the toughest town for hobos from Alaska to Lower California. When courtly manners failed to get him a meal, Culbertson took a job as a dishwasher in a "hash joint" near the railroad station. After four hours of work he collapsed and was taken to a hospital suffering from double pneumonia brought on by many days of exposure and lack of food. When he was discharged as cured, the desire for a cigarette led him to a hobo camp at the edge of the town. The man from whom he bummed a match took offense at his request and a free-for-all fight started. Within half an hour all the combatants were arrested. Culbertson fainted when thrust into a cell. He awoke in a hospital two days later, suffering from a relapse.

After five months of gentlemanly leisure in San Francisco where he continued his studies in international law and philosophy, the lure of the road and of revolution carried him off again, this time to join the Zapata forces in Mexico. He was now 20 years old. When he got into the field of action he found that fighting for the rights of the under dog was losing its fascination. The task appeared pointless and hopeless. As a result, he withdrew and spent a year in study and loafing at Mazatlan on the Pacific coast of Mexico.

It was here that the reaction against his career as a revolutionist took form. He was making a study of the philosophy of Max Stirner and the latter's "The Ego and His Own" had a shattering effect upon his life. There followed alternate mental sieges of the philosophy of egoism and that of altruism. Eventually egoism won. He acquired a new *Welt Anschang*. Revolutionists appeared to him as leaders of slaves sacrificing themselves for an ideal that could never be. The world, he was convinced, must always have its inequalities. There must always be slaves and there must be masters. He was through with it all. From now on he was out for himself. But it was not easy to quit the revolutionary life. When the uprising under Felix Diaz occurred in Vera Cruz he joined the insurrectionists. He remained in Vera Cruz for a fortnight and left for Spain in disgust.

In Madrid former anarchist companions took him in tow against his will and made him a member of *Circle del Atheno*, the political and literary club out of which grew the last revolution in Spain. Culbertson has the police of Madrid to thank for helping him to rid himself forever of his radical associates. In the latter part of 1912, a Russian anachist hurled a bomb at King Alfonso. In the police raids which followed, Culbertson was taken for a Russian and escorted by two gendarmes to the French border.

With all thoughts of socialism and anarchism behind him, he entered *L'Ecole Superieure des Sciences Economique et Politique* in Paris in 1913, to prepare for an LL.D. degree. The first six months of the war found Culbertson immersed in research work in Berlin and Geneva. When the first American troops arrived in France he presented himself for an examination as interpreter. He passed brilliantly in six languages but flunked in English. He continued his work in French Red Cross units until the war was over.

MEANWHILE, the revolution in which he so ardently took part a few years before engulfed Russia and wiped out his family's fortune. He was left with an apartment in Paris and a claim of $3,000,000 against the Bolshevists for confiscating his father's oil property. He subsisted by renting his apartment to Americans, but finally that source of income dwindled. In an effort to regain his family's property, he joined the Russian monarchists in Paris in their plans to raise an army to defeat the Bolshevists. He worked in coöperation with

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General Gourko, former commander of the northern front of the Russian armies. Their aim was to collect money from French and English capitalists in return for which they promised concessions in Russia. The plan did not materialize.

He turned to cards as a release. At the *Cafe de la Couronne* in Geneva he not only had the reputation of being a poor player but a stubborn one as well. The reason for every move interested him more than winning and eventually he could find no one to deal him a hand. As a result he turned to the scientific aspect of cards and discovered that "the divine spark of intelligence shines in the subtle architectural structure of a well-conceived no-trump bid or a defensive play as in the building of a gothic cathedral."

Theories, however, won no games for him. His source of income became more hazardous. One evening in Paris when he was trying to convince himself to go to work, he dropped into a club in *Rue Volnay*. He had 100 francs in his pocket. A game of ecarté was in progress and Culbertson placed a 20-franc chip on the table. As his card was drawn the player next to him stepped on his toe. Culbertson demanded an apology which was refused and a fight started. When he returned to the gaming table after an absence of about forty-five minutes, he heard the croupier say: "This sum can go no further. Whose is it?" Culbertson stepped up and received 20,480 francs. His 20-franc note had won and doubled ten times. And so he came to New York for a job.

It was Josephine Dillon whom he married shortly after he arrived here who won him over to bridge. She already had a prominent place as a teacher and a player in the women's auxiliary of auction bridge. She convinced him that bridge not only would give him an opportunity to apply his knowledge of sociology and philosophy but would also make him a comfortable living.

International

THE CULBERTSON FAMILY

The education of the children is as closely directed by Culbertson as he directs his own bridge game

International

His wife lured him into the business of bridge—and he calls her one of the best partners in the world

When he was first introduced to the bridge clubs of New York he had already developed an unerring ability to win. He made himself unpopular by telling those who guided the destinies of bridge that something was wrong with their systems of play. His criticisms did not spring from jealous motives or from any desire to insinuate that the current masters did not know the game. He was still a revolutionist in spite of himself. He wanted to improve the game and to show the experts what he had discovered.

He kept a daily account of his own errors in bidding and in play. These he classified as underbid, overbid, bad lead, psychological inadaptation of partner's mental level, etc. At the end of the month he made a statistical chart which showed the peaks and values of the state of his game. Thus when he played, his opponents faced a machine.

Out of his intensive researches came his applied system of bidding in auction and finally the now famous forcing system in contract. While his claim to the exclusive discovery of these two methods is disputed, no one can deny that it was Culbertson who not only made the bridge playing world conscious of the forcing system but taught thousands to use it.

Today Culbertson is a nationally publicized product. The backbone of his business is composed of over 1,000 teachers, all having diplomas qualifying them to teach the Culbertson method. They distribute his products and come to his conventions once a year, a privilege for which each pays a fee of $60. He owns and edits *Bridge World* magazine. Although ostensibly devoted to the interests of bridge, cynics say that it is dedicated to the glory of Ely Culbertson. In a recent issue of forty-eight pages, Culbertson's name appeared 164 times. When he completed his "Contract Bridge Blue Book," his business acumen led him to organize his own publishing company. "Why should I take small royalties from a publisher when I can pay a man a small royalty to publish the book?" he asked. That volume and a summary of it are on best-seller lists.

Culbertson is 39 years old. He speaks perfect English but still retains a strong Russian accent. His tall, thin frame is always immaculately clothed. He entertains lavishly and the guests with whom he plays bridge in the evening are the very cream of celebrities. His hobbies are his two children, Joyce and Ely ("Jump Bid"), whose education he is personally supervising. He wants them to be revolutionists but not in the political sense. He spends his spare time reading in international politics and philosophy. He never plays golf, he says, because it is dangerous to the mind.

He never walks. If he has to go

(Continued on Page 480)

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Throwing Mud at the White House

By HENRY F. PRINGLE

FOR the past six weeks a curious book, *The Strange Career of Mr. Hoover Under Two Flags*, has been resting on the desk of nearly every important editor in the United States. It was chastely bound, although crudely printed, and it brought back memories of those other extraordinary studies, *The President's Daughter* and *The Strange Death of President Harding*. Apparently the editors of the country were repelled by the first few pages of the latest onslaught and they tossed the volume aside. Only two reviews have appeared, in the San Francisco *Argonaut* and the Hartford, Connecticut, *Times*. This was in line with the treatment accorded to the attacks on President Harding, both of which became best sellers despite the blanket of editorial silence. *The Strange Career of Mr. Hoover*, being badly written and dull in the extreme, will probably not achieve so great a success. But it has already appeared on the best seller lists in Washington, D. C., and St. Louis.

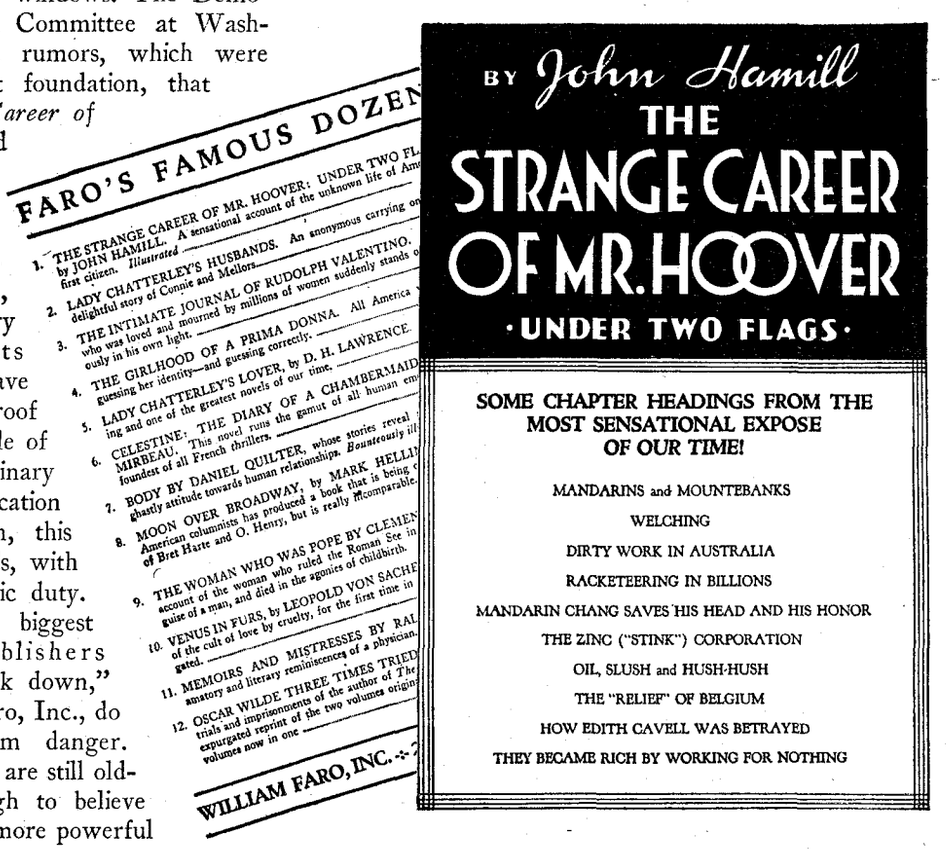
An aura of mystery surrounded the Hoover book. The publisher, William Faro, Inc., was obscure. The author, one John Hamill, seemed to be innocent of previous literary efforts. In various parts of the country booksellers had declined to handle it; elsewhere they shrugged their shoulders and put a copy or two in their windows. The Democratic National Committee at Washington ignored rumors, which were wholly without foundation, that *The Strange Career of Mr. Hoover* had been financed by those who seek his defeat in 1932. William Faro, Inc., in an explanatory preface, insists that "we have documentary proof for every syllable of this extraordinary work." Publication was undertaken, this preface contends, with a sense of public duty. "Some of the biggest American publishers turned this book down," but William Faro, Inc., do not flinch from danger.

". . . . We are still old-fashioned enough to believe that nothing is more powerful than truth; nothing so potent as fact," the publisher insists. "And so we submit the facts, amazing as they are."

The "facts" are certainly amazing in their presentation of Herbert Hoover as a crafty mining promoter of great skill and small honor. The proof, documentary or otherwise, is not discernible in the volume itself. It is, of course, a wholly libelous book and the President, if he were willing to dignify this attack, could avail himself of both the civil and criminal law. Even more interesting, however, is the story behind the book itself. The strange career of William Faro is at least as strange as the version of Mr. Hoover's life which is set forth.

The headquarters of William Faro, Inc., are, at the moment, in a penthouse on Broadway in the vicinity of Twenty-sixth street, New York. This might be the office of any small publisher; every year some young man, whose father has made a moderate fortune in a less intellectual trade, opens an office and hopefully waits for an author who has had his book rejected by established houses. To a visitor promising publicity for *The Strange Career of Mr. Hoover*, the head of William Faro, Inc., was immediately available. Faro consented readily to produce the author, John Hamill. He said that his office and his records were open to examination by any one with a legitimate interest. Only the previous week two men who said they were from the Internal Revenue Bureau had inspected his ledgers on the groundless accusation that income taxes had not been paid. Were they, Faro asked, actually agents from the White House? Indirect offers of large sums for suppression of the book had been received.

Faro, which is not his real name, was a mild, inoffensive young man with a faintly German accent. He had dark brown hair and a small mustache. He wore eyeglasses, which added to his surface air of cultural respectability. He said that the author of *The Strange Career of Mr. Hoover* had appeared at the office of William Faro, Inc., about a year earlier with a mass of documents relating to the activities of Herbert Hoover in China and Australia. Larger publishers had declined to consider it, but Faro, after consultation with his attorneys, had agreed to finance Hamill while the manuscript was being completed. He did not know very much about the author, Faro admitted. He believed him to be the "son of an Irish landowner" and this was the first thing he had written. No, he was not familiar with the motives which inspired the work; all he knew was that the Democratic party had no part in it.


FARO'S FAMOUS DOZEN
1. THE STRANGE CAREER OF MR. HOOVER: UNDER TWO FL
by JOHN HAMILL. A sensational account of the unknown life of Am
first citizen. Illustrated
2. LADY CHATTERLEY'S HUSBANDS. An anonymous carrying on
delightful story of Connie and Mellors.
3. THE INTIMATE JOURNAL OF RUDOLPH VALENTINO,
who was loved and mourned by millions of women suddenly stands o
ously in his own light.
4. THE GIRLHOOD OF A PRIMA DONNA. All America
guessing her identity—and guessing correctly.
5. LADY CHATTERLEY'S LOVER, by D. H. LAWRENCE.
ing and one of the greatest novels of our time.
6. CELESTINE: THE DIARY OF A CHAMBERMAID
MIRBEAU. This novel runs the gamut of all human em
foundest of all French thrillers.
7. BODY BY DANIEL QUILTER, whose stories reveal
ghastly attitude towards human relationships. Bounteously ill
8. MOON OVER BROADWAY, by MARK HELLI
American columnists has produced a book that is being
of Bret Harte and O. Henry, but is really incomparable.
9. THE WOMAN WHO WAS POPE BY CLEMEN
account of the woman who ruled the Roman See in
guise of a man, and died in the agonies of childbirth.
10. VENUS IN FURS, by LEOPOLD VON SACHE
of the cult of love by cruelty, for the first time in
gated.
11. MEMOIRS AND MISTRESSES BY RAL
anatory and literary reminiscences of a physician.
12. OSCAR WILDE THREE TIMES TRIED
trials and imprisonments of the author of The
expurgated reprint of the two volumes origin
volumes now in one
WILLIAM FARO, INC.
BY John Hamill
THE
STRANGE CAREER
OF MR. HOOVER
·UNDER TWO FLAGS·
SOME CHAPTER HEADINGS FROM THE MOST SENSATIONAL EXPOSE OF OUR TIME!
MANDARINS and MOUNTEBANKS
WELCHING
DIRTY WORK IN AUSTRALIA
RACKETEERING IN BILLIONS
MANDARIN CHANG SAVES HIS HEAD AND HIS HONOR
THE ZINC ("STINK") CORPORATION
OIL, SLUSH and HUSH-HUSH
THE "RELIEF" OF BELGIUM
HOW EDITH CAVELL WAS BETRAYED
THEY BECAME RICH BY WORKING FOR NOTHING

At this point in our conversation Hamill appeared. Rather tall and about forty years old, he spoke with an English accent and explained that he had gathered the documents in all parts of the world. He had first heard of Herbert Hoover in London some time in 1903, when the future President was connected with Bewick, Moreing & Co. The material on which criticisms of Mr. Hoover was based had been collected in libraries in London and the United States. Like Faro, Hamill insisted that every statement in the volume could be proved. I asked whether they would consent

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to having the documents passed upon by some impartial tribunal of attorneys.

"I think so," Faro said. "But we shall have to get in consultation with our lawyer. I will let you know."

Such an examination of the evidence would have been interesting and perhaps profitable, but Faro has neglected thus far to give his consent. The basis for his possible reluctance to do so may lie in certain aspects of his career which have hitherto been hidden. His name is not William Faro; it is Samuel Roth. He is 35 years old, was born in Austria and is a naturalized citizen of the United States. On June 15, 1928, John S. Sumner, famous successor to Anthony Comstock of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, caused the arrest of Samuel Roth under Section 1141 of the penal law of the State of New York. He accused Roth, in other words, of having in his possession "certain obscene photographs" as well as indecent books and manuscripts. Arrested, Roth was held for trial in the Special Sessions Court in New York. In this court defendants waive the right of jury trial and their guilt is passed upon by three justices.

THE trial was held on October 19, 1928. Mr. Sumner told of visiting a place called "The Book Auction" on East Twelfth Street in New York. He raided the shop and confiscated a quantity of pictures and books held to be in violation of the obscenity laws. Samuel Roth seemed to be in charge of an auction sale which was shortly to start and so was arrested. Roth then took the stand in his own defense. He recalled the visit of Sumner perfectly. The shop was not his property, however. It belonged to Paula Roth, his wife. It was Mrs. Roth's custom, he said, to sell at auction such books and pictures as were brought in from time to time. On this occasion his wife had been unable to obtain an auctioneer trained in the arts. She had been afraid that the ordinary auctioneer engaged for the occasion was incompetent to explain the literary and artistic value of the objects about to be sold and she had called upon her husband to make a short explanatory talk before the actual sale began. Mrs. Roth, who subsequently testified in confirmation of this story, was the sole owner of the shop. The three justices of the Special Sessions Court held, however, that the explanation was not convincing. They ruled that Roth was guilty of the charge advanced by Sumner and they sentenced him to three months in the workhouse on Welfare Island.

"WILLIAM FARO"

During the trial it developed that this was not Roth's first offense. In February of the same year he had been arrested, also on the instigation of the busy Mr. Sumner, for sending an obscene circular through the mails. On this occasion the arrest was made by post office inspectors and Roth was fined $500, which he paid, and was given a suspended sentence of six months. He was also placed on probation for two years. The conviction in the Special Sessions Court was held to be a violation of the federal probation and when he left the workhouse after ninety days he served the additional six months in the detention house in New York City. In brief, Mr. Roth is one of the young men upon whom Mr. Sumner trains a suspicious and hostile eye. He was also involved in an unpleasant tilt with the law in Philadelphia. He has been viewed with alarm for selling what purported to be Lawrence's *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. Fortunately for Roth, although his customers may have been disappointed when they opened their copies, the edition had been cleansed of its more illegal flourishes. No charges were made against Roth.

Mr. Sumner will not have to read *The Strange Career of Mr. Hoover*. Although one or two excessively curious statements are made, it is not that kind of dirty book. It purports to be the story of Herbert Hoover prior to his service as Secretary of Commerce. It begins with his boyhood and his days as student at Stanford University and then takes up in minute detail his early mining operations in Australia. Hamill insists that Hoover is not a mining engineer but a geologist of dubious training. He relates the first contacts with the British firm, Bewick, Moreing & Company of London, and the subsequent activities in China. The famous suit brought by Mandarin Chang-Yen-Mao, in which the Chinese insisted that he had been cheated by Hoover's employers, is treated at length—with the interpretation that Hoover was involved in the plot. The balance of the book makes the wildest charges of racketeering in mining operations, of juggling in the stock market, of profiteering in Belgian relief. Hoover is even accused of having been identified with a project whereby thousands of coolies were shipped, at a specified price per head, into virtual slavery in West Africa.

As far as I can learn, President Hoover has not even read this extraordinary volume. Obviously the statements and charges made in it are libelous; Samuel Roth, alias William Faro, could be charged with criminal libel, as could Hamill, the author. It would then be necessary for them to produce the documentary proofs, if such exist. A suit for damages could also be instituted. Presumably the President will take no action nor will his associates of the mining days or the Belgian Relief. They, too, have been libelled, at least by inference. Perhaps Roth's record was transmitted to the White House and a decision was reached that no suit could be undertaken against a publisher who had twice been in jail.

This is not to say, however, that Roth and Hamill are not already involved in litigation. Another rather mysterious figure, one J. J. O'Brien, who was formerly a policeman, has accused Hamill of having used in *The Strange Career of Mr. Hoover* documents and material which do not belong to him. He has asked for an injunction against further sale of the book. Hamill's answer is that O'Brien, whom he had believed an in-

(Continued on Page 469)

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When Congress Fought T. R.

Thirteenth Installment of Roosevelt: A Biography

By HENRY F. PRINGLE

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Roosevelt's rows with Congress were violent and acrimonious, as told in this installment. One of his messages was rejected and even his staunch friend, Cabot Lodge, rebuffed him. But the Roosevelt reign was ending and, of all Presidents leaving the White House, T. R. left most regretfully, for he loved the job with all its trials and tears. Next week Mr. Pringle tells of the parting of friendships between T. R. on one side and Professor Woodrow Wilson, President Taft and Senator La Follette on the other

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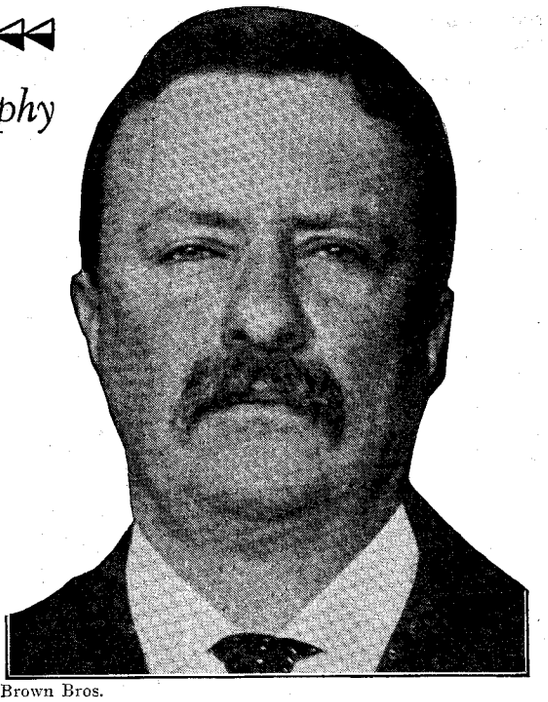

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T. R. IN 1908

THE Administration, said Roosevelt in September, 1906, when Speaker Cannon was running for reëlection to Congress, "has had no stouter friend than the Speaker of the House. . . . He is a patriotic American. He is for every man, rich or poor, capitalist or labor man, so long as he is a decent American, and he is entitled to our support because he is a patriotic man." A fortnight earlier the President had written to Uncle Joe:

> . . . . You need never waste your time in thinking that I will give so much as a second thought to any kind of a story in the remotest degree reflecting on you. I know your attitude absolutely. All you are trying to do is from the standpoint of the welfare of the country and the party, to strengthen all the factors that can be brought into play for success in November. You have done your part up to the handle. More power to your elbow!

Before the end of 1908, however, this cordiality had vanished. It had never been sincere. Too long had the proud head of Congress bowed to the imperial will in the White House. The memory of frequent defeats rankled, and the revolt began in 1907. Speaker Cannon, leader of the Republican party in the House, became a general of the rebel forces. The President was no longer the potent influence he had been, for the simple reason that he would go out of office on March 5, 1909; it had been a mistake to announce in 1904 that he would never again be a candidate for the presidential nomination. Roosevelt may have suspected, although he never said so, that his support of Taft was also an error in political judgment. The President was facing an unpleasant fact—that power was slipping from his grasp.

Theodore Roosevelt, as the day of abdication rushed toward him all too swiftly, was not yet fifty years old. He had been the youngest President; he was far too young to retire to slippered ease. ". . . . When you see me quoted in the press as welcoming the rest I will have . . . . take no stock in it," he told William Jennings Bryan in May, 1908. ". . . . I will confess to you that I like my job. The burdens . . . . will be laid aside with a good deal of regret. . . ."

The irritation of Congress was not, however, based solely on resentment for Rooseveltian victories of the past. It was also due to apprehension over 1908; depression had followed the panic, and the quadrennial claim that the Republican party was the guardian of prosperity might be discounted by the voters. Roosevelt's federalism was another factor. This had been increasing with the years and was to be emphasized in his forthcoming messages. He was constantly swinging closer, meanwhile, to the program of William Jennings Bryan. In June, 1907, the President said that "most great civilized countries have an income tax and an inheritance tax. In my judgment both should be part of our system of federal taxation."

TWO COMMON SCOLDS

The hostility toward Roosevelt was not limited to the legislative branch. He denied that the courts were exempt from criticism, and the judiciary shuddered at this blasphemy. At Vicksburg, Mississippi, in October, 1907, he dared to recommend that

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the Constitution be interpreted with liberality:

. . . . While I agree heartily that the Constitution of the United States represents a fixed series of principles, yet I hold that . . . . it must be interpreted not as a straitjacket, not as laying the hand of death upon our development, but as an instrument designed for the life and healthy growth of the Nation. I want to see executive, legislator, judge, not only desire to do right, but able to do right. Sometimes executive and legislative officers are under temptation to yield too much to an improper public clamor. The temptation to the judge—the long term appointive or elective judge—is often just the reverse. . . .

"The Constitution," rebuked Supreme Court Justice Brewer, "is not a criminal code. It is a theory of government and is not to be read in favor of anybody. . . ." Supreme Court Justice Harlan expressed regret over the trend toward the centralization of government. "A national government for national affairs, and state governments for state affairs," he said, "is the foundation rock upon which our institutions rest."

Two events in 1908, invalidation by the Supreme Court of the Employers' Liability Act of 1906 and reversal of the Landis fine against the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, strengthened Roosevelt's conviction of long standing that the courts were an obstacle to progress. On January 31, 1908, he addressed a remarkable message to Congress. Many of its recommendations were balanced by his customary qualifications. But there were phrases which stood out, startling and vehement phrases, and newspaper editors hurriedly crowded them into headlines.

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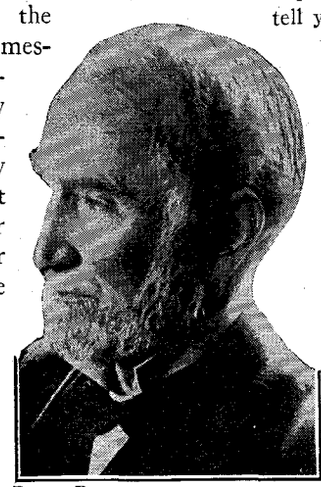
BUTLER

Nicholas Murray Butler, when he first became president of Columbia University

First, the President recommended reënactment of the liability law, which had applied to all common carriers, so that the Supreme Court's objection would be met. The Court had ruled that the Federal Government could pass such a law for interstate carriers only. Then Roosevelt called for workmen's compensation for all government employees, and expressed the hope that the "same broad principle" would be made applicable "to all private employees." His next point was further emphasis upon the abuse of injunctions in labor disputes. He disclaimed any intention to abolish the injunction process which, in the hands of a wise judge, was an essential part of the judicial machinery. On the other hand, "it has sometimes been used heedlessly and unjustly, and . . . . some of the injunctions . . . . inflict grave and occasionally irreparable wrong upon those enjoined."

This was the first of the statements which distressed the respectables. The message, which covered nearly every point in Roosevelt's philosophy of government, set forth the need for further power for the Interstate Commerce Commission. Physical valuation of railroads, once rejected by Roosevelt, was essential to fair rates. At the same time, he asked for restriction of stock market abuses; there was, he said, "no difference between gambling at cards . . . . and gambling in the stock market." He thought that "mere gambling in futures" might be halted by law.



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CANNON

For years "Uncle Joe" was Speaker and undisputed leader of the House of Representatives

The President also paid his respects to the business leaders who had been attacking his attempts to enforce the law. He said that "corporation lawyers" were often successful in blocking endeavors to that end, and yet "the Federal Government does scourge sin; it does bid sinners fear; for it has put behind the bars with impartial severity the powerful financiers, the powerful politician, the rich land thief, the rich contractor — all, no matter how high their station, against whom criminal misdeeds can be proved." At this point Roosevelt came to the heart of his policy. It was "the moral regeneration of the business world." He would end insurance, banking and railroad scandals. He expressed his contempt for those who would hesitate because "it will 'hurt business'."

The President's message caused, too, a break between Nicholas Murray Butler and Roosevelt, although their friendship and their political relations went back for twenty years at least. They exchanged letters, and then were silent:

Dr. Butler: Of all your real friends perhaps I, alone, am fond enough of you to tell you what a painful impression has been made on the public mind by your special message sent to the Congress on Friday of last week. Every critic and enemy that you have is fairly beside himself with delight; but both those friends of yours whom I have met and those who, while not knowing you personally, are loyal supporters of your administration, without exception speak of the message with grief and sorrow. The specific recommendations contained in the message are, for the most part, very generally approved by intelligent people. One or two of the less important ones seem to me either unwise or impracticable, but, on the whole, the general impression is that if the recommendations of the message were acted upon favorably by the Congress the result would be distinctly in the public interest.

The feeling of sorrow and regret of which I speak is due chiefly to the form in which you have couched the message, but also in part to the fact that you, as President, have descended into the arena of ordinary newspaper and hustings debate in order to attack those individuals and institutions that you do not like or that have attacked and criticized you. Surely the sorry record of Andrew Jackson is sufficient proof that a President, whether right or wrong, cannot afford to argue with his adversaries, after the fashion of a private citizen, either in a state paper or in a formal public address.

My honest opinion is that so far as the message has had any purely political effect, it is to bring Mr. Bryan measurably nearer the White House than he has ever been before.

President Roosevelt: My lukewarm friends . . . . [have been] . . . . upset . . . . [my] real supporters . . . . have hailed it as they have no other speech or action of mine for a long time. To me, your regret is incomprehensible. You blame me for what I have done. To me it seems that I have the right to the fullest and heartiest support of every good man whose eyes are not blinded by unhappy surroundings, and who has in him a single trace of the fervor for righteousness and decency without which goodness tends to be an empty sham. If your soul does not rise up against corruption in politics and . . . . in business . . . . why, then, naturally you are not in sympathy with me. If you felt, as I do, that the interests which these men and papers represent tell for unspeakable degradation for the Nation, and if left unchecked and un-offset would work a ruin such as was worked in the days of the Roman Republic by similar forces—why, then, you would naturally support my action.

So began the rupture which later

Photographs by courtesy of the Roosevelt Memorial Association, 28 East Twentieth Street, New York

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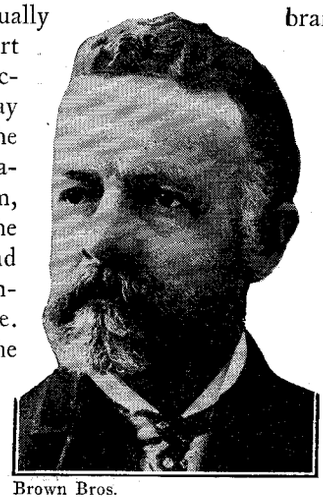
separated Roosevelt from Root and Cabot Lodge also. At the end of February the President informed his son, Archie, that his mother had recently been riding a new mare and had, "because, at the moment she was angry with President Butler," named the horse "Nicoletta." Thus passed Nicholas Miraculous from the Roosevelt years.

However radical in theory, the President's criticisms of the courts were mild enough in phraseology until the summer of 1908. On July 22, however, the Circuit Court of Appeals in Illinois invalidated the $29,000,000 oil fine. On the following day Roosevelt announced that the Government would again prosecute the Standard Oil for accepting railroad rebates, that "there is absolutely no question as to the guilt of the defendant nor of the exceptionally grave character of the offense," that "the President would consider it a great miscarriage of justice if, through any technicality of any kind, the defendant escapes punishment which would unquestionably have been meted out to any weaker defendant . . . . guilty of such offense. The President will do anything in his power to . . . . bring the offenders to justice."

Judges Grossoup, Seaman and Baker had handed down this decision which, Roosevelt said in a private letter, had "hurt the cause of civilization." The President felt most vindictive toward Judge Grossoup, perhaps because that jurist had said that he would take no more "notice of the comment of Mr. Roosevelt than I would of any private citizen." As for the other two judges, they were "merely the ordinary type produced by improper subserviency to corporations."

"There is altogether too much power in the bench . . . ." was Roosevelt's final word on the Standard Oil decision.

The Congress which convened in December, 1907, was virtually Roosevelt's last. The short session to meet after Election Day in 1908 would pay even less attention to the President's recommendations. Currency reform, made imperative by the panic, was the chief issue and Speaker Cannon was the undisputed leader of the House. His attitude toward the President was made clear in his statement that there had been "several incidents . . . . in the last few years" which had shaken business confidence; the worst of them had been the Standard Oil fine. Roosevelt's annual message was a less important State paper than the blast against business corruption of January 31, 1908. Its principal weakness was the absence of definite ideas on the troublesome financial question.



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LODGE
Henry Cabot Lodge, Senator from Massachusetts

The session was marked by a deluge of messages from the White House: demands for improvement of inland waterways, labor reforms, insistence that the menace of Japan made four new battleships necessary, peremptory requests that Congress take action on postal savings banks, extension of Interstate Commerce Commission authority, limitation of the injunction, publicity on campaign contributions. Toward the end of May, 1908, as Congress prepared to adjourn so that its members could hurry to their home districts for the coming campaign, the friction between the executive and the legislative branches was obvious. Only two battleships had been authorized. The legislation against injunction abuses, for postal savings, for campaign publicity, for the Interstate Commerce Commission, had been killed. The Aldrich-Vreeland Act, providing additional currency elasticity, but of a very limited nature, had been passed. The liability laws requested by Roosevelt had also been enacted. But the majority of Roosevelt's twenty messages had been futile.

Any remnants of harmony were abandoned after the President's message had been read to the houses of Congress on December 8, 1908. In repeating his criticism of the courts, the President characterized as "a very slovenly piece of work" the liability law which, in 1906, had been held unconstitutional. This was interpreted as disparagement of a coordinate branch of the Government, and there was additional basis for Congressional indignation in Roosevelt's remarks regarding the Secret Service. The 1908 session had restricted the operations of the service to detection of counterfeit-

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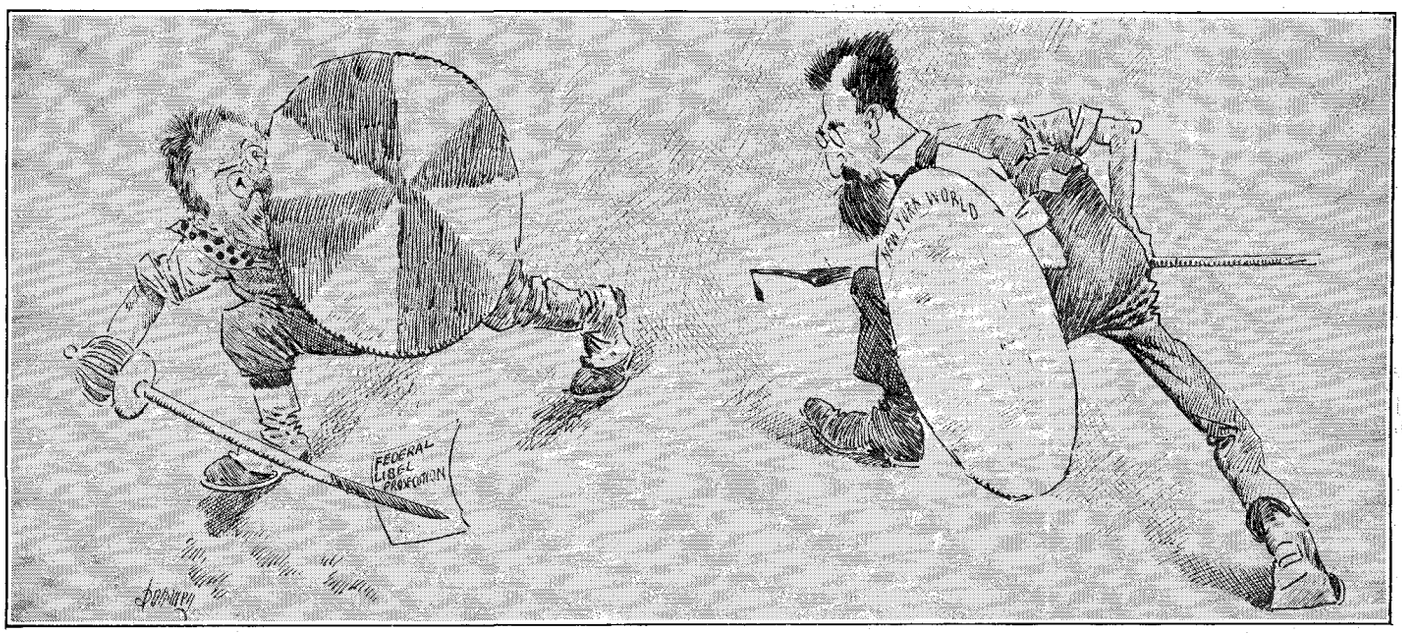

T. R. vs. THE NEW YORK WORLD
The federal libel suit against Joseph Pulitzer's newspaper was thrown out of court on the ground that the federal government had no jurisdiction

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Wozzeck

By MARSHALL KERNOCHAN

LAST winter the New York public was introduced to Alban Berg's "Wozzeck" through the medium of three fragments played by the Philharmonic Society under Erich Kleiber. On Tuesday night, at the Metropolitan Opera House, the work had its first local performance as a whole by the Philadelphia Grand Opera Company under Leopold Stokowski, who had his own magnificent orchestra under him. A unique audience attended, numbering nearly every New York musical name of distinction; and when, at the close of the third act, they filed out of the auditorium, their hushed voices and quiet demeanor bore eloquent witness to the power of the impression they had received.

The libretto of "Wozzeck," adapted by the composer from the play by Büchler, is dramatic, concise and expressive; it sets before us, with stark realism, the sordid tragedy of a weak, insignificant, downtrodden soldier, trampled under foot by all, from his superior officer to his mistress; yet driven at last, by unbearable suffering, into the frenzied courage of the cornered rat, which nerves him to violent vengeance upon his faithless leman, followed shortly by his suicide.

This work, in the writer's estimation, is thus far the only one in the modern manner to achieve greatness; it makes all other contemporary attempts in the same style seem puny and ineffective. The music written since by Berg himself fares no better than the rest, in spite of its skill and an underlying lyricism, as evinced in the three small pieces played recently by Mr. Kleiber.

It is, in fact, becoming increasingly evident that the Schönberg atonal system is failing in the field of absolute music. Based upon an arbitrarily chosen twelve tone scale, appealing only to a small circle of musical cerebralists, it is irreconcilable with the lines along which the natural human instinct, following equally natural physical laws, has developed and will continue to develop by a gradual process of progressive selection. Consequently, with the musical public, which forms its judgments on an emotional, rather than a cerebral basis, it can establish, by itself, no real rapport; and will continue to be felt, from the harmonic viewpoint, as mere noise. Its public successes have been few and ephemeral; even these have been due to considerations other than the music itself—as, for example, "Pacific 231," which amused concertgoers through its graphic though slavish imitation of the well known sound of a locomotive, and is now moribund, not having the vitality which can only be derived from musical interest.

Tonality is selection. Its presence means that in the background of the music there is a chosen basic tone which serves the hearer's imagination as a point of departure and return. In absolute music, it is a necessity for the permanence of the work, which can establish rapport with the listener only by its use; without it, the music will fail as fails a house built upon a shifting foundation. A piece, then, which has no tonality reverses the principles of selection and evolution and sinks back toward the primal chaos of mere indiscriminate sound.

Courtesy of Musical America

ALBAN BERG

HOWEVER, "Wozzeck" clearly demonstrates that there is another and probably permanent field for the atonal style. It is that form of music-drama in which the music is narrowly bound with and strictly subservient to the text and action; the artistic aim being to throw these latter into the highest possible relief. Here, intrinsic musical interest or beauty is non-essential; atonality or even chaotic noise is admissible—provided that they aid to focus the attention where it belongs—on the stage; as does the nerve-racking tom-tom in the "Emperor Jones," or the ceaselessly drumming deluge in "Rain."

Mr. Berg has, consciously or otherwise, borne this distinction in mind; and this it is which has raised his work to the level of greatness. His music may justly be described as eclectic. To serve his artistic purposes, he makes free use of the old forms—the sonata, the passacaglia and the fugue are all represented in his score. Atonality, with fitting orchestral color and percussive effects, is used with the finest discrimination to increase the poignancy of the declamation, *i. e.*, where he does not wish to focus the attention on the music. But it is pointedly clear that wherever he desires the music to attain intrinsic emotional expression, as in the superb interlude in the third act, he invariably invests it with a definite tonality.

The orchestration is characterized by a consummate sense of color, economy and rhythm. The writer has heard nothing in music-drama which better conveys the moods of anguish, pity and the sinister menace of impending tragedy. In this latter respect the second scene of Act One, where *Wozzeck* is at work outdoors with a comrade at sunset, is strikingly effective.

THE vocal parts are a form of intensified declamation, bringing out the words with masterly clarity and forcefulness, and obtaining a dramatic emphasis which at times reaches a well-nigh unbearable pitch of poignancy; only in a few places do we get something approaching the arioso style, as in some of the music of Marie.

Always the music intensifies the action without for an instant obscuring it or attracting undue notice to itself. If Berg uses mere noise, then that noise is unfailingly appropriate.

The performance was in every respect worthy of the work. Mr. Ivantzoff in the part of *Wozzeck*, Miss Roselle as *Marie*, Mr. Steschenko as the sinister *Doctor* and Mr. Korell in the *tenor buffo* rôle of the *Captain* were all, vocally and histrionically, adequate and satisfying.

Yet the highest honors of the performance must be awarded to two men. Robert Edmond Jones has designed a stage setting magical in its appropriateness, economy of detail and tremendous atmospheric pregnancy. Last, but most important of all, Mr. Stokowski's really great conducting infused into the performance the authority, vitality and brutal realism which must make it one of the outstanding musical events of the season.

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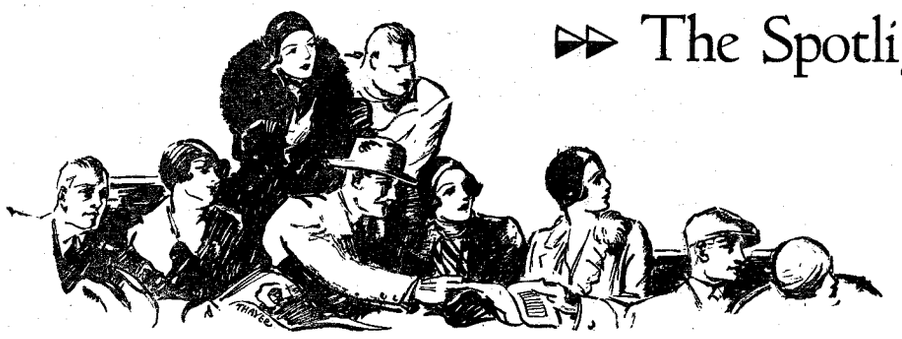
The Spotlight on Sports



In the Limelight

THE spotlight seems to follow Albie Booth. Two weeks ago the thumb-size Yale captain broke the Crimson spell that had hobbled him for three seasons and drop-kicked the winning field goal as the lights in Harvard's new House Plan quadrangles were winking above the River Charles.

Booth, heralded as a spook in human form, couldn't gain a yard against the heavy-handed Harvard linemen. Those brawny materialists evidently don't believe in ghosts. At least they didn't recognize one when they saw it in the flesh.

Over the span of those crowded sixty minutes at Cambridge, Crowley, Crickard, Barres, Hardy, Parker and Hageman played with far greater effectiveness than Booth, but they were forgotten when Albie delivered his drop-kick in the pinch. He deserved the headlines judged by the cold basis of news. To the winner of the game go the bold-faced streamers.

At New Haven last Saturday, when Princeton suffered an unparalleled rout, Captain Booth didn't play. In fact he didn't even see his team win its final victory. He was flat on his back in bed.

Who do you think got the headlines that day? Why, our little friend Albie Booth, of course. The midget "Merriwell" annihilated Princeton by the simple expedient of lying on a hospital cot several miles from the scene of action. At least that's what the sentimental sports reporters said—and the strange part of it is they're probably right.

Until Booth got bronchitis and was rushed to the New Haven Hospital, the pre-game psychology favored the underdog Tigers. Granting that it would have taken more than a few mystic passes by Freud and Adler to have upset that superb Yale team, I doubt if the score would have reached such positively indecent proportions had Booth been fit for action.

"Play for Albie" was the slogan in the Yale dressing room before the game. The Elis knew that their little leader was listening in by radio from a hospital cot. There had been rumors that the doctors were concealing the seriousness of his illness. Boys are great alarmists. These Yale youngsters were sure Booth had pneumonia. Hence the almost berserk fury with which they tore into a defenseless Princeton team. After each touchdown acting-Captain Rotan slapped its maker on the back and said, "That's another one for Albie."

It seems that Booth just can't be kept out of the papers. In the Army game last year Albie took part in just one play, yet hogged the show. Army, you recall, was accused of "putting Booth on the spot." That was nonsense, of course, but after Booth had been lugged out on a stretcher everybody lost interest in the game.

Booth is a born showman. He wore the blue hood of his windbreaker pulled over his head like a monk's cowl when he led his players onto Soldiers Field. They were bareheaded. You couldn't miss the "little Big Shot" and he didn't miss his big shot either!

Massacre at New Haven

THE 1931 SLAUGHTER will stand as the weirdest Yale-Princeton game in a series dating back to 1873.

First, there was the general financial depression. Second, there was the specific football depression at Princeton. You could scarcely expect many Princeton men to shell out five dollars to sit in at a massacre after their team had lost all its games but one. Third, there was Albie Booth's injury to lessen local interest. The "Townies" decided to save their money when their sandlot idol got bronchitis. Fourth, there was the late November date with its Friday snowstorm and arctic temperature to chill enthusiasm. The box office got its ears nipped.

Yale's 51 points set an all-time series record, erasing the 32 point total of Captain Rhodes's team which had stood since 1890. Yale once trampled on Harvard to the tune of 48 to 0 and was in turn later butchered 41 to 0 by Eddie Mahan's redshirts. Still, nobody dreamed that a Big Three team would yield half a hundred points to a traditional rival.

Yale clicked for the first time this year last Saturday. Instead of a heterogeneous collection of stars Yale revealed a smoothly coördinated team. The material at New Haven rivals that at South Bend and Southern California. It was merely a question of making it jell. That Notre Dame shift takes a lot of learning. Yale was the finished article on November 28 after a painful genesis.

Princeton's Troubles

NASSAU PARTISANS took the rout good-naturedly. They had come prepared for the worst—and were not disappointed. After the fourth Yale touchdown the game took on a burlesque character. It is cruel to thus characterize the efforts of boys who gave all they had from start to finish, but, viewed from the detached angle of the press box, the epidemic of touchdowns had its humorous aspects.

One Princeton rooter suggested that too much blue blood was the matter with the Tiger team. The Nassau line reads like a cross-section of the Social Register. Among the swagger families represented are the Wisters of Philadelphia, the Garretts of Baltimore; the Armours of Chicago and the Billingses of New York. These boys are big enough and as game as pit bulldogs but they apparently lack speed, athletic aptitude, stamina and toughness of fibre.

Army Stops Notre Dame

A MUDDY FIELD is the antidote for the delicately attuned, deftly timed Notre Dame attack. Three years in a row Army has been favored by meeting Notre Dame on slippery, rain-soaked turf. It didn't do the Cadets much good in 1929 and 1930 but last Saturday was Army's day.

Notre Dame's hop shift strikes wide off tackle or around the flank. The ball carrier is required to pivot sharply and cut in. If the footing is skiddy he cannot execute this sudden reverse quickly enough to elude an alert defense.

Wet field or not, however, Army's victory was well earned. Major Sasse brought his team to the peak at the right moment. Notre Dame attained top form in October and retrograded almost imperceptibly. Only Knute Rockne had the recipe for keeping a team on edge through the span of an entire campaign. His coaching technique is not missed as much as is his inspirational quality.

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▶▶Mexican Jumping Beans

FRED LINEHAN, the red-headed Yale guard who succeeded Reg Root as coach at the University of Mexico, declares that his Mexican pupils are "too polite to tackle viciously."

That sounds strange to one who has watched José and Chris Martinez-Zorrilla of Cornell harpoon enemy carriers. At Ithaca they call those fire-eating brothers "the two Martinis." Born and bred in Jalisco, Mexico, the Martinez-Zorrilla boys exude a verve typically Latin. They have the "killer-instinct."

Mexicans ought to take naturally to football, a game which doesn't stress the restraint and cold calculation required in baseball. The gridiron serves as an outlet for repressed emotions, carries an atavistic appeal that should find ready response in the Latin temperament.

At any rate the Zorrilla brothers aren't too polite to rattle a rival's teeth with their tackles. José, the younger of the Mexican jumping beans, is something of a swashbuckler. Glum Gil Dobie, Cornell coach, likes to kid José about showing off to the grandstand. "If you'd keep your eyes on the ball instead of on the girls in section seven you might complete a touchdown pass once in a while," is a pet Gildobian rejoinder when the irrepressible José Martinez-Zorrilla gets to swaggering a bit. Well, a dash of arrogance becomes a football player—and Dobie knows it.

GEORGE TREVOR.

Throwing Mud at the White House

(Continued from Page 463)

fluential Democrat, had agreed to advance him money and to arrange for publication of a book which would expose the nefarious activities of Herbert Hoover. This was almost two years ago. Thereupon, Hamill says, he traced innumerable sources in London and Belgium and spent several thousand dollars of his own money in the process. In October, 1929, he began to write the book but publication was not forthcoming. The fortune he had expected to make from its sale did not materialize, and therefore he turned to Samuel Roth for publication.

The attitude of the White House appears to be that Roth, O'Brien and Hamill can fight it out among themselves. Meanwhile *The Strange Career of Mr. Hoover* continues to circulate and no friend of the President has stepped forward to demand that the facts be proved or prosecution started.

▶▶ The Week in Business ◀◀

▶▶Mixed

LAST week's business developments showed the climbing up and slipping back processes in about equal proportions. Wheat was down; cotton up. Steel production fell off 2 per cent; the copper situation was improved by Katanga's last-minute decision to co-

▶▶◀◀

INDICES

(A two-minute summary)

COMMODITY PRICES (Fisher's Index—1926=100) November 26—67.8. (Crump's British Index—1926 =100). November 26—68.9.

CAR LOADINGS (American Railway Assn.) Week ended November 14—690,366 cars (reduction of 26,663 under preceding week and of 138,657 under same week of 1930).

STEEL INGOT PRODUCTION Week ended November 21 —29% of capacity (reduction of 2% under preceding week and of 11% under same week of 1930).

CRUDE OIL PRODUCTION Week ended November 21 —daily average gross 2,453,400 barrels (reduction of 10,650 under preceding week; increase of 171,550 over same week of 1930).

BANK CLEARINGS (as reported to Bradstreet's) Week ended November 26—$4,561,060,000 (reduction of 37.1% under preceding week and of 43.6% under same week of 1930).

FAILURES (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.) Week ended November 26—492 (reduction of 96 under preceding week and of 31 under same week of 1930).

▶▶◀◀

operate with the other large producers. Stock prices reached new low levels; but there was an advance in bankers' bill rates and the country's gold stocks were increased by close to $30,000,000.

While the rate of ingot production was reduced, the steel industry is more hopeful than it has been for some time. Actual orders are encouraging and prospective demands even more so. One report, fairly well authenticated, is that the Ford plants will be in the market for

300,000 tons within the next few weeks.

The railroads continue to struggle with the problem of wage reduction. The operators are firm in their conviction that the schedules must undergo a downward revision if the financial position of the carriers is to be properly safeguarded. The attitude of the employees toward the proposed cuts will not be clearly revealed until after the meeting of railway union executives in Chicago, beginning December 8.

Good reports continue to come in from many industrial centers. These include Philadelphia, Baltimore, Atlanta, Cleveland, Chicago, Minneapolis, Kansas City and Dallas. Echoes from Boston, St. Louis and the Pacific Coast cities are less encouraging. In all of these cities, as well as in gloomy New York, there is a marked tendency to attempt to forget 1931 and look forward to the first quarter of 1932. Business could scarcely assume a saner attitude.

▶▶Katanga Repents

WHEN the representatives of the Union Miniere du Haut Katanga sailed for home on November 17, after throwing sand in the gear-box of the copper stabilization conference, the entire industry appeared to be groggy and a knockout inevitable. The high officials of the Belgian company, however, were wise enough to realize that nothing but co-operation would save the day, and their announcement that they will accept the proposal outlined to them at the recent conference promises to give the copper industry a new lease of life.

While this important change of front was being effected, a new complication arose here. The Phelps Dodge Corporation, third largest of the world's copper producers, decided to withdraw from membership in Copper Exporters, Inc., at whose door is laid responsibility for much of the dissension which has recently demoralized the industry. Criticism of the methods and policies used by

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Copper Exporters has been made also by other American producers.

The marketing organization can scarcely afford to disregard these protests. By this time everybody knows that a big mistake was made when, following the curtailment agreement of November, 1930, the price of the metal was sharply advanced. Another had been made in 1929, when the price had been pegged at 18 cents a pound. The chief effect of this move was to attract new competition—notably the expansion of the British interests in Northern Rhodesia.

It is inconceivable that Copper Exporters will refuse to read the writing on the wall. If the organization liberalizes its rules and adopts saner policies it can probably get Phelps Dodge and the other complaining members to continue. That, with the Katanga right-about-face, would do much to put the whole industry back on its feet again.

▶▶*Business Roller-Coaster*

FOOTBALL Preferred having registered a new low, Princeton goes back to literary pursuits and hands the torch to Roy Dickinson, who carries it with a steady hand in *Wages and Wealth* (Princeton University Press, $2.50).

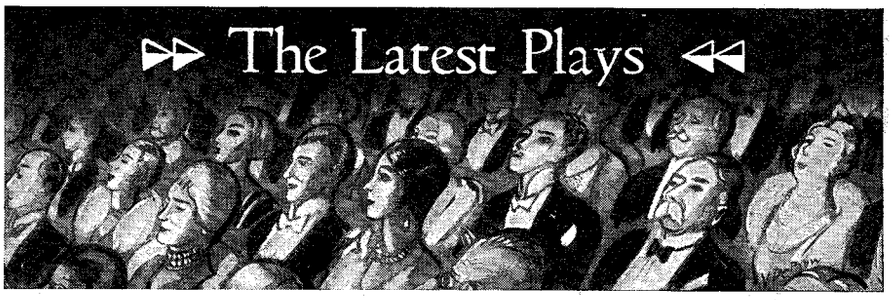
For the caption of this review we make a bow to Mr. Dickinson himself. "This Business Roller-Coaster" is the sub-title of his book. Business, he says, is more of a roller-coaster than a ship adrift, for though it has dizzy climbs and breath-taking drops, it is on a track going somewhere. And in spite of the riders who would have us believe that this latest terrifying swoop down is our last, we shall probably soon glide up the incline and get off again on solid ground. That, Mr. Dickinson, will be just fine!

The book offers no ready-made plan. It presents no panaceas, though it lists many that have been suggested. But it does outline some new and important ideas in business management, and should therefore find an audience.

Chapter XXI, picturesquely titled "Can We Sit on the Bulges?" offers four specific suggestions: Putting boom profits away into reserves against bad times; closer study of unemployment insurance and similar measures; a better understanding of the nature and use of credit money; and a more effective balance between production and sales.

Mr. Dickinson's style is readable and his ideas practical. His definite suggestions call for action as well as thought on the part of our leaders in business management.

FRANK A. FALL.



IT SEEMS that the Hungarian playwrights can be divided into Molnar and the rest. At first glance there may seem to be little difference. They all appear to start with a perfectly preposterous situation which you have to accept as possible before you go on with your enjoyment of the piece. However, preposterous though his premise may be, Molnar nevertheless goes to the trouble of putting some semblance of real characters into his trick situations. Where in *A Church Mouse*, by Fodor, there are only theatrical devices, in *The Good Fairy*, the latest Molnar piece to reach our Atlantic seaboard, the puppets have rather more than a spark of real life in them. In fact, it is a fine example of something written for the theatre which could not be done nearly as well in any other medium and which is sheerly delightful.

Of course, the fact that Miss Helen Hayes is in *The Good Fairy* admittedly has a lot to do with its charm. She is one of our three leading actresses who have the technical skill to play tragedy and comedy equally well, becoming radiantly the characters the authors have written—the others being Lynn Fontanne and Fay Bainter. Some time ago I had occasion to write that in *A Church Mouse* Ruth Gordon was possibly made to seem better than she really was in contrast to the shockingly weak supporting cast, headed by Bert Lytell. I've got to take back the implication that a poor cast is a help to a star. In *The Good Fairy* Walter Connelly, Paul McGrath and Ruth Hammond simply couldn't be better and the net result is only to make us more appreciative of Helen Hayes at the same time that we are admiring them. That is to say that there is skilful give and take between the actors as well as between a star and the audience. This happy result is obtained in spite of the fact that the piece is directed by Gilbert Miller, who still has a fine eye for significant details in individual scenes but little apparent ear for the tempo of a play as a whole.

The Good Fairy is the slight enough tale of a little movie usher who, being importuned by a too ardent admirer who has taken her to a private dining room in an hotel, makes up a non-existent husband. When asked his name, she looks up one in the telephone book. He turns out to be a down-at-the-heels, but honest and likable, old bachelor lawyer and she is able to be the good fairy of the title by steering business his way from her rich lover. How she can't quite bring herself to give up her true poor love and the consequences of her getting caught with him form the basis for the subsequent action. There is an epilogue which burlesques the main part of the play. This, we were assured by Mr. Gilbert Miller himself in a curtain speech at the first two performances, was written at the producer's request because he felt that we should otherwise be left too much up in the air as to the fate of the characters. The epilogue, while criticized by many as against the spirit of the piece, I found witty fooling and quite in keeping.

As to *A Widow in Green*, *The Devil's Host*, *In Times Square* and *Miss Gulliver's Travels*, the other recent openings and closings, let's be charitable and make believe they never happened. That's by far the kindest thing to do to some pretty good but very misguided Thespians who appeared in them.

OTIS CHATFIELD-TAYLOR.

Recommended Shows

BRIEF MOMENT: Amusingly talky comedy with Francine Larrimore and Alexander Woolcott.
COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW: Elmer Rice at his realistic best depicting the rise and near fall of a young Jewish lawyer.
CYNARA: Fine acting in a literate English play on infidelity.
GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS: Life may or may not be a bowl of cherries, but this is a swell show.
LOUDER, PLEASE: Another uproarious comedy about Hollywood.
MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA: Nazimova's marvellous acting in O'Neill's lengthy but impressive tragedy.
REUNION IN VIENNA: A gay comedy with the Lunts. The Guild be praised!
STREETS OF NEW YORK: Only slightly burlesqued revival of the old Boucicault thriller. Great fun.
THE BAND WAGON: Over two hundred performances for this fine revue, and why not?
THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE: Jerome Kern's lovely music and a romantic story by Otto Harbach.
THE LEFT BANK: More accurate observation by Elmer Rice. This time it's expatriates in Paris.

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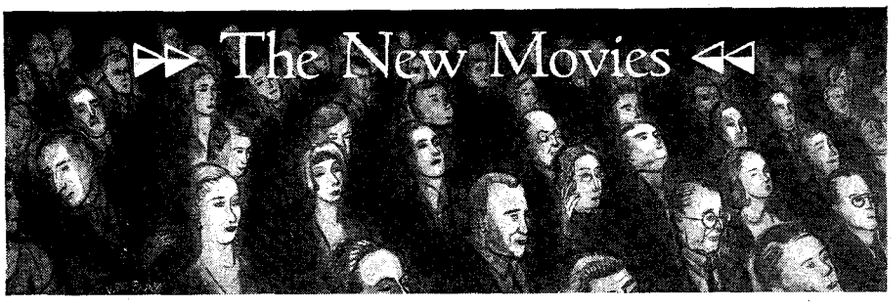

"News Notes"

BELATEDLY, as usual, Hollywood has discovered a new subject of tremendous popular interest—Soviet Russia. *Variety* reports that several pictures laid against a modern Russian background are already under way and will be seen in a few months. To avoid all difficulties Communism "will be treated as a religion."

The significant fact about the announcement appears to be that while the Russians ridicule the capitalist countries extravagantly in *their* films, our American movies will not ridicule Communism, but treat it with respect, because our producers are "afraid of antagonizing Soviet sympathizers in the United States."

"Rich Man's Folly"

Charles Dickens' *Dombey and Son* (last filmed in 1919) has been dusted off, modernized and Americanized and used as a vehicle for George Bancroft. Unfortunately *Rich Man's Folly* is but a ponderous and slow-moving retelling of the story of the man whose lust for gold and power cost him all human affection. First his wife dies, then his son. Then his daughter and second wife desert him .... and all because he has so much money. Probably this is supposed to make us all feel fine because we are so hard up at present.

"Frankenstein"

Despite the advance publicity which advised me that "to have seen *Frankenstein* is to wear a badge of courage," I regret to report that it is just another movie, so thoroughly mixed with water as to have a horror content of about .0001 per cent. *Frankenstein*, you may recall, was the horror story which Mary Shelley—wife of the famous Percy Bysshe—once invented to amuse a gathering of literary people. Later she put it on paper, and today it is something of a classic. It tells of a young medical student who assembles a lot of spare organs in his laboratory and creates a living monster which has many of the aspects of a man but more of a maniac. Having neither memory nor conscience nor soul it rather enjoyed murder. The film differs greatly from the book and soon turns into a sort of comic opera with a range of cardboard mountains over which extras in French Revolution costumes dash about with flaming torches.

Harry Reichenbach

You may never have heard of Harry Reichenbach, but you cannot have escaped one or more of his fantastic stunts. In his day he devised hundreds of sensational tricks to sell dull books and cheap movies to an indifferent population. In his autobiography, *Phantom Fame**, which he finished just before his death, he proudly exposes himself and his devices to the very people he spent his life fooling and sometimes cheating. Harry Reichenbach was the quintessence of Hollywood in its most gargantuan mood. His only shame was that a ballyhoo stunt should fail. He was employed to put over worthless films such as *Tarzan of the Apes* and *The Virgin of Stamboul*—and was paid well over a thousand dollars a week for his efforts. He made Elinor Glyn famous by getting *Three Weeks* barred from the mails. He hired people to write indignant letters to the Postmaster General. Before this, the book and Mme. Glyn were a pair of flops. He rescued Rudy Valentino from a gigolo's fate by pointing out that if he was never photographed from the left his cauliflower ear would never show, and made the New York press accept eight Turkish dishwashers dressed up in old theatrical costumes and posing as high officials on a mission. Finally he went to war and devised propaganda to weaken the German morale.

But for the present perhaps his most significant statement is that he seldom or never looked at the films he was going to advertise, "for fear they would disillusion me and destroy the honest enthusiasm with which I could write about a picture I hadn't seen." This reviewer can vouch for this; the most enthusiastic movie press agents he has ever seen admitted, on being cornered, that they had not yet seen the films which so excited them.

*"Phantom Fame," By Harry Reichenbach; Simon and Schuster, $3.00.

Worth Seeing

AROUND THE WORLD WITH DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS: The genial Doug escorts you to Japan, China, Siam and India.
THE CHAMP: Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper give two of the best performances of the year. The story of a boozy old fighter and his little son.
FIVE STAR FINAL: A dramatic demonstration of the tragedy caused by the pink and peach colored newspapers. Edward G. Robinson is fine.
THE GUARDSMAN: Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne in polite and amusing nonsense. Civilized entertainment.
MONKEY BUSINESS: The four Marx brothers in a deliriously amusing farce.
PALMY DAYS: Eddie Cantor takes his insanity behind the scenes for spiritualistic medium.

Foreign Language Films

Soir de Rafle (in French): One of the few really entertaining French talkies. The story is nothing new, being the one about the weak-willed prize fighter who wins because his girl expects him to, but it is so charmingly told and the characterizations are so fresh that it is good fun. Annabella, the girl in *Le Million*, has the leading part.

Ihre Hoheit Befiehlt (in German): A mildly amusing little operetta of the sort the Germans so much admire. The princess masquerades as a serving girl and falls in love with a lieutenant. To help him out she makes him a captain, then a major, and finally her personal aide, all this being accomplished with yards of gold braid.

Musical Films

There seems to be some sort of law requiring film reviewers to write an editorial piece once every six months on the question, "Will the musical film come back?" Nobody reads the piece and nobody sees the films—and yet the rumor hangs on.

Flying High with Bert Lahr is the best musical I have seen in some years, but that isn't saying a lot. The dance formations are ingenious and well photographed—much more ingenious than many I have seen on the stage. The humor is eccentric and rowdy, and may help to pass an evening.

Her Majesty Love is another and very costly attempt to bring back a vogue for musicals, but in spite of Marilyn Miller, W. C. Fields, Chester Conklin, Leon Errol and many others it is about as dull as they come.

CREIGHTON PEET.

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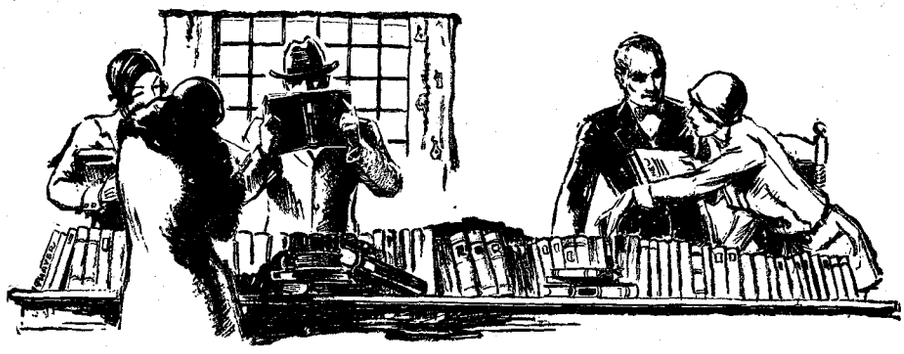
The New Books



The Week's Reading

Lord Rosebery
By The Marquis of Crewe
Harper & Brothers, $5.00

The United States never produced a man of the type of the Archibald Philip Primrose who was destined to die as Lord Rosebery. Nor is there a single reviewer in the United States capable of passing definitive judgment on this biography of 250,000 words. The late Theodore Roosevelt would have been the best fitted for the task, but he would have become so enthusiastic about some features of Rosebery's life that his opinions would have been tinged with prejudice plus, while some of Rosebery's political policies would have stirred all the ire that Roosevelt was capable of and his opinions would have been smothered in prejudice minus. Rosebery was eight men in one: churchman, traveler, sportsman, statesman, educator, orator, philanthropist and man of letters. In each he ranked far above the average; so far in fact that one asks: Can even England produce the combination again? Of course the man had no handicaps, unless we look for them in his names. Fancy what would happen to an American freshman who came in on the morning train late in September bearing Rosebery's birth name. And he himself tells us that when traveling over Germany as young Earl Rosenbery he generally received his mail addressed to Carl Rosenberg. Moreover, Rosebery was critically ill a number of times, but when a man lives for eighty-two years (1847-1929) no one can deny him an initial store of vigor. Lord Crewe was abundantly capable, too, of writing this monumental life, for as the son-in-law of the hero he had access to all the sources. But there is no personal, unsubstantiated or cheap adulation here. When it is a question of evaluating Rosebery's general character or special acts, Crewe quotes others. Gladstone, for example, said he could say three things of Rosebery: He was extremely able and of the highest honor, but "I do not know whether he really has common sense." We notice the pique and wonder whether Gladstone was capable of passing on the sense side of the pawky Scotsman. John Morley was one of the very few who were unwilling to give complete praise to Rosebery's *Life of Pitt*; one of the others was again Gladstone. There is no space here to do so much as even list his numerous offices, for he was in public life from his early thirties until England ordered him (1910) to Vienna to announce to Kaiser Franz Josef the beginning of the reign of George V. This was his last official appearance and Austria so weighed him down with honors that all England wondered and worried. In politics he believed without ceasing that Liberalism and Liberty are twin sisters, and that Socialism means the end of all. In education, his addresses as Rector of this and that Scotch University have, it must be said, that old familiar administrative ring: You see oozing from his paragraphs the fact that of actual teaching he knows not a thing. But his sentences are well balanced, his figures well chosen, and you always feel that with God in heaven and Rosebery in Glasgow education in Scotland is in for a bumper crop. There is something enormously interesting about the very names of his many racers and when Ladas took the Derby in 1894, Rosebery appreciated it more than sitting in the seat of Gladstone or Ramsay MacDonald. He said more interesting and sensible things about New York apropos of his frequent visits there than have been said by all other Englishmen combined, went wrong however when he claimed that Savannah, Ga., was more attractive than Naples. He read Casanova and said that it was no wonder that Venice fell; that Napoleon didn't take it: he merely lifted it out from under the dung. As late (or early) as 1917 he wrote to Chauncey Depew and predicted victory for the Allies but feared above all things and monsters the Peace Conference that would follow victory. It is a book of marvelous information and fascination! If Crewe only knew how to place an "only." But no Englishman does. Why should an otherwise noble book be botched by such a sentence as "Harcourt said death duties only occur once in a generation," when he means "occur only once in a generation?"

ALLEN W. PORTERFIELD.

Westward Passage
By Margaret Ayer Barnes
Houghton Mifflin, $2.50

Mrs. Barnes builds up a case for a lady who finds it hard to know her own mind. Mrs. Harry Ottendorf, returning alone from Paris with her new mink coat and a presentiment of boredom, meets, on the steamer, the man whom she divorced ten years ago. This ex-husband, Nicholas Allen, has become a limelight novelist in the span of their separation. He is no longer the impecunious enthusiast who kept her nose to the domestic grindstone with consummate nonchalance. Now he is a lion whose roar holds the ladies spellbound. Olivia Ottendorf, contrasting his charm with the flat dependability of her second husband, from whose attentions she has been taking a European respite, discovers, to her horror, that her young love, so long banked in indignation, is about to bloom again. Through six days on board ship and a seventh after landing, you follow the vacillations of her matured, but still not impregnable, heart. With a predilection for introducing the younger generation, Mrs. Barnes pushes Olivia's eighteen-year-old daughter to the fore and clothes her in the usual sanguine hard-headedness attributed by the mothers of today to their grown daughters. Mrs. Barnes refrains from explaining how this young girl and her own father have been kept, ever since the divorce, completely apart, and do not know each other by sight when, finally,

(Continued on Page 474)

What to Read

FICTION

Maid in Waiting, by John Galsworthy: Scribners. A quiet drama of English life. Readers of Mr. Galsworthy's Forsyte chronicles will find a few old friends.

The Almond Tree, by Grace Zaring Stone: Bobbs, Merrill. The story of three sisters.

American Beauty, by Edna Ferber: Doubleday, Doran. A story of early Colonial settlement, its growth, decay and final replacement by the new order.

Mourning Becomes Electra, by Eugene O'Neill: Liveright. Greek tragedy in up-to-date guise; a trilogy of plays.

Time Exposure, by Parkhurst Whitney: Farrar & Rinehart. A penetrating story of American marriage.

NON-FICTION

The Care and Feeding of Adults, by Logan Clendening: Knopf. A book against cranks and in behalf of those who fall for the crank's schemes.

Theodore Roosevelt, A Biography, by Henry F. Pringle: Harcourt, Brace. The first full and impartial biography of T. R.

The Work, Wealth and Happiness of Mankind, by H. G. Wells: Doubleday, Doran. The third part of Mr. Wells's massive trilogy.

Forty-Niners, by Archer B. Hulbert: Little, Brown. The story of the great gold rush.

The Unknown War, by Winston S. Churchill: Scribners. The World War in the East.

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Edited by CHARLES F. ANDREWS

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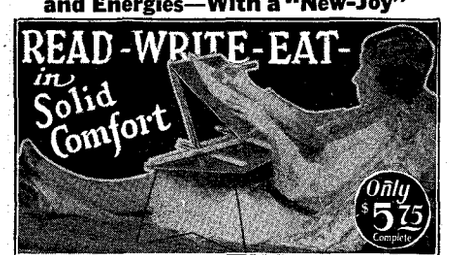

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Week's Reading

(Continued from Page 472)

they meet. While you do not wish to ask for needless explanations, such a hiatus in plausibility mars the tale. In *Westward Passage* the author achieves, perhaps less well than in *Years of Grace*, a natural atmosphere drawn from clear observation of what people do and say. The interpretation of how they feel, however, lying just behind her words, lacks that inevitable accent without which the rhythm of human lives seems somehow to have little purport.

VIRGILIA PETERSON ROSS.

Goose Steps to Peace
By Jonathan Mitchell
Little, Brown, $2.50

". . . . During these last twelve years, people have asked for peace and have been given a treaty, with seals and ribbon." The people who have asked that wars shall end have, Jonathan Mitchell believes, been "repeatedly deceived." His story of the twelve years since Versailles, *Goose Steps to Peace*, is the story of diplomats who falsified the record, who were timid, who failed. Thus war is still possible, even probable. The pretty treaties, with their seals and ribbons, have accomplished very little.

A book such as this was badly needed and Mr. Mitchell has done the job admirably. He has a peculiar gift for reducing involved, complex and weighty subjects into clear, concise exposition. His experience as a journalist abroad as well as in the United States enabled him to go behind official documents to the actual occurrences at Washington, Locarno and London. "What really happened behind the scenes, Mr. MacDonald?" "What demands did you make at that secret session, M. Briand?" These are the questions he seems to be asking and in many instances he has found the answers. Mr. Mitchell was too excellent a newspaper man to be unaware that the truth is often obscured by propaganda. He has, himself, interviewed enough statesmen to know that newspapers are used to hide the facts.

Mr. Mitchell is not very complimentary in judging the accomplishments of those who have tried to end war: ". . . . The best energies of civilization have gone into the search for peace," he writes, "and there is no peace." His verdict is the result of careful examination of the Washington Conference in 1920, the conference at Locarno and the more recent sessions at London at which naval armaments were to have been limited and which ended in failure. Disaster came because the diplomats sought victories over other diplomats and forgot the real purpose of their gathering—the insurance of peace.

Mr. Mitchell believes that peace is possible and he offers a program. But this is less important than the fact of a brief, well-written analysis of the events of the last twelve years. *Goose Steps to Peace* is a primer for the intelligent man or woman who has long since become lost in the thousands of columns of newspaper despatches and editorials on the conferences of the years since the World War. It is extremely readable without being superficial.

HENRY F. PRINGLE.

Sons of Cain
By Wilfred Saint-Mande
Coward-McCann, $2.50

When England entered the World War Wilfred Saint-Mandé was barely eighteen. In a burst of whim and vanity he decided to join the army. "On the 10th of August," he tells us, "just after tea, I was upstairs lying in the bath, idly throwing water over my chest, which was covered with soap. I was fit and looked at my body with some vanity, for I was tall, perfectly proportioned, muscular and handsome into the bargain . . . . As I lay in the bath, like a flash the determination came upon me to enlist at once by hook or by crook."

And so Wilfred marched off to war. He was young, strong, handsome and a prig when he joined his company; he was crippled, disfigured and older by a generation when he left at the end of four years—but still a prig. "It is not given to all to play for their school at cricket and Rugby, while preparing for and securing a modern language scholarship at Oxford," is the naïve beginning of his narrative; nor to have a vague, romantic French-emigré ancestor; a prosperous father in the wine business in London; an irresistible attraction for women; and a penchant for pompous philosophizing—of all of which Wilfred is equally proud. The men met him with the cry, "Gor'blimy, lads, 'ere's a bloody Algie," but they soon learned that he could fight, drink and whore with the best of them. They forgave him his conceit for the sake of these qualities and of his youth; and they soon made him one of themselves in that easy immorality, coarse vulgarity and hardy insensibility which characterize the lower depths of English society.

Sons of Cain is the perfect chronicle of such a personality. War, women and wine, women, wine and war are its ever-recurring and unvaried themes. In all its awful intimate detail the suffering and death of the millions of soldiers are graphically depicted. Mass action and hand-to-hand fighting, petty persecution by ignorant martinets and terrible tortures inflicted by callous circumstances, bursting shrapnel and biting lice, rotting corpses and blooming orchards appear be-

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fore us in quick succession, but it is the same reel going round and round.

The book grows tiresome and in its very monotony it makes its point, which Mr. Saint-Mandé repeats in almost the same words more than a dozen times: "I wonder if people will ever realize that there is nothing glorious in war, nothing chivalrous, nothing admirable. It is madness, it is murder, the frenzied slaughter of man by man, the destruction of our noblest and best, the turning of decent men into diabolical murderers and foul-mouthed ruffians. If mothers and sisters all over Europe realized how their sons and brothers are debased morally and spiritually, how all that is noble is destroyed by the blood-lust they would work for peace, I am convinced. But they have been taught that war is glorious, and that myth will be hard to kill. . . . . The papers spoke of soldiers, heroic, dashing contemptuous of death; we were all modeled on d'Artagnan. But the tragic fact was that we were civilians in uniforms, of whom not ten per cent had enlisted from patriotic motives. In considering the men around me I saw that most were in no way heroic. They longed for their homes and cursed the war with startling vigor. They cursed all who gave them orders, including the brass hats who came at rare intervals and found fault with everything. They were laborers, clerks, mechanics and humble artisans, who realized that the enemy belonged to the same social classes as themselves and that they were all dupes of those who remained far in the rear, and ordered attacks in order to fill up a communiqué. The dead in front of our parapet stank like blazes, for it was too risky a job to bury them, and when the breeze blew in our direction it made many a man vomit. . . ."

Thus jumbling comment and incident the author produces a bad but interesting book in a good but hopeless cause. JOHAN J. SMERTENKO.

Without My Cloak
By Kate O'Brien
Doubleday, Doran, $2.50

A well-buttressed family, anchored to life by relatives and possessions, presents, above all, solidarity. Something in its bulk alone defies all questioning. Thus this story of the Considines, Irish, Catholic and bourgeois, blossoming in Victorian pride and prejudice, takes root in your mind as an actuality. With unwavering faith in their existence, you follow the children and grandchildren of Honest John Considine through their foibles and their passions. The light of the tale falls upon Denis, the future heir to the business, but drama also spreads along the family ramifications, now touching a lovelorn aunt and now a too lustful cousin, now a disturbed and pious uncle and now some wispish younger child. Denis, too beautiful and too well loved, does the churning up of the others. He provides the rebellion. Struggling against gratitude, affection and obligations, Denis comes a cropper in his first love and fails his father at his official début in the office. His battle is for an illusion, the dream of personal freedom. The members of his family link around him a chain of tradition against which he hurls himself in vain. Reaching out across the stratum of successful tradespeople in a small Irish town of the nineteenth century, Miss O'Brien seizes and impales a whole era, a whole attitude and a whole racial stamp. You feel, at the end of her book, that she has nourished you with a particularly large, particularly juicy slab from life's well laden feast.

VIRGILIA PETERSON ROSS.

Loving relatives have a way of vaguely putting down "books" opposite the names of the children in the family when making out their Christmas lists. But having made that important decision, they come to an even worse problem when confronted by the bewildering array of juvenile publications. In order to assist OUTLOOK readers in making a choice, May Lamberton Becker, literary editor of *St. Nicholas* and book editor of *The Scholastic*, has prepared the following list of some of the best books for children published during the last year.

AGE 3 to 6 YEARS

The Second Picture Book, Mary Steichen Martin. Harcourt Brace, $2.
The Christ Child, Maud and Miska Petersham. Doubleday Doran, $2.
Snippy and Snappy, Wanda Gag. Coward McCann, $1 50.
The Meddlesome Mouse, Vera Neville, Macmillan, $2.50.
Peter's Voyage, Elsa Beskow. Knopf, $2.
The Hole in the Wall, Rene d'Harnoncourt. Knopf, $2.
Little Pear, Eleanor F. Lattimore. Harcourt Brace, $2.
The Bright Book of Lights, Helen Minnich. Stokes, $1.25.
The Little Princess in the Wood, Helen Dean Fish. Pictures by Sibylle von Olfers. Stokes, $1.50.
Tooky, Elmer and Berta Hader. Longmans Green, $1.25.
Crocodile, K. Chukovsky. Lippincott, $1.50.

AGE 6 to 9 YEARS

The Golden Flock, Charlotte Lederer. Farrar & Rinehart, $1.50.
The Goat Who Wouldn't Be Good, Jan and Zhenya Gay. Morrow, $1.75.
The Spindle Imp, Alida Malkus. Harcourt Brace, $2.
The Diamond Princess, Rie Cramer. Warne, $2.50.
A Day in a Child's Life, Kate Greenaway. Warne, $2.
The Sing-Song Book, Herbert and Johannes Grueger. Lippincott, $2.
Mrs. Tickler's Caravan, Cecil Alden. Scribner, $2.
The Coming of the Dragon Ships, Florence and Howard Everson. Dutton, $2
Robbers in the Garden, Marion Bullard. Dutton, $2.
When Abigail Was Seven, Eliza Orne White. Houghton Mifflin, $1.75.
Picture Book of Animals, Isabel Ely Lord. Macmillan, $2.50.
Muskox, Marie A. Peary. Morrow, $2.
Mostly Mary, Gwynedd Rae. Morrow, $1.
Bambi, Felix Salten, Simon & Schuster, $2.50.
Amnon: Lad of Palestine, Marian King. Houghton Mifflin, $1.75.

GIFT BOOKS for BOYS and GIRLS

THE FAIRY CIRCUS

By Dorothy Lathrop

One day the fairies had a circus. Here is an account of it with exquisite pictures in color and black and white by the author. The perfect gift book for people of the fairy tale age. $3.00

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN

By Gertrude Hartman

A new story of civilization from the beginning of our earth to the present. There are over two hundred pictures taken from ancient monuments, paintings, manuscripts, prints and from modern photographs. A distinguished contribution to historical writing for children. $5.00

CALICO BUSH

By Rachel Field

A story of Maine, the Sargent family and of a gallant French heroine, Marie Ledoux, a bound-out girl. A charming book for older girls by the author of "Hitty: Her First Hundred Years," Newbery Medal for 1929. $2.50

CHING-LI AND THE DRAGONS

By Alice W. Howard Ill. by Lynd Ward

A fairy tale from China. Ching-Li rescues a sacred dragon after many strange adventures. Lovely two-color pictures by a favorite artist. $3.00

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Children's Book of Animal Pictures, Lorinda M. Bryant. Century, $2.50.
Bird House to Let, Mary F. Terrel. Stokes, $1.50.
Chicken Town, Grace B. Gawthorpe. Stokes, $1.
Pinafores and Pantalets, Florence Choate and Elizabeth Curtis. Harcourt Brace, $2.
Igloo, J. B. Walden. Putnam, $2.50.
More To and Again, Walter R. Brooks. Knopf, $2.
Bunny, Hound and Clown, Dhan Gopal Mukerji. Dutton, $2.50.

AGE 10 to 14 YEARS

The Truce of the Wolf, Mary G. Davis. Harcourt Brace, $2.
The Graper Girls, Elizabeth C. Corbett. Century, $2.
Illustrations of Cynthia, Erick Berry. Harcourt Brace, $2.
Hathaway House, Nelia Gardner White. Stokes, $2.
Mary Lou, Faith Baldwin. Dodd Mead, $2.
Winning Out, Marion Hurd McNeely. Longmans Green, $2.
The Good Detectives, Margaret L. Gower. Century, $2.
Castle Secrets, Jean Seivwright. Little Brown, $2.
Luck of Lowry, Josephine D. Bacon. Longmans Green, $2.
The Brass Keys of Kenwick, Augusta H. Seaman. Doubleday, $2.
The Enchanted Admiral, Edith Ballinger Price. Century, $2.
The Mystery Cross, Gunby Hadath. Stokes, $2.
Waterless Mountain, Laura Adams Armer. Longmans Green, $3.
Vanya of the Streets, Ruth E. Kennell. Harper, $2.
Java Ho! Johan Fabricius. Coward McCann, $2.50.
Smiley Adams, R. J. Burrough. Longmans Green, $2.
Wheels Toward the West, Hildegard Hawthorne. Longmans Green, $2.
Out of the Flame, Eloise Lownsbery. Longmans Green, $2.
Treasure Aboard, Charles Driscoll. Farrar & Rinehart, $2.
The Mystery Chest, Rear Admiral E. R. G. R. Evans. Farrar & Rinehart, $2.
The World We Live In, Gertrude Hartman. Macmillan, $5.
The Stars for Sam, W. Maxwell Reed. Harcourt Brace, $3.
Something to Do, Luella Lyon. Knopf, $2.

Behind the Blurbs

Memoirs of a Polyglot
By William Gerhardi
Knopf, $3.75.

Highly entertaining and outspoken autobiography of a 35-year-old novelist, born in Russia of English parents, who after serving with the British in Russia and Siberia during and after the revolution, went to Oxford and then took up literature. Mr. Gerhardi enjoys his own company, makes no bones of it, nor need he, for it is very pleasant and stimulating company, frank, witty, often painfully malicious, and always extremely honest. A book to read if you care for style. WALTER R. BROOKS.

REMARKABLE REMARKS CONTEST

For the best Remarkable Remarks contributed by Outlook readers the Outlook will award weekly prizes of $5 for the one judged best, and $2 each for as many more as may be adjudged worthy of inclusion in the column.

Entries for each week's contest close at 12 o'clock noon on the Monday of the week preceding date of publication.

All Remarkable Remarks must be direct quotations and must be accompanied by evidence of their source. If the Remarkable Remark selected by any contributor has appeared in the press, it must be accompanied by clipped evidence, showing the author of the remark and the name and date of the publication in which it appeared. If the Remarkable Remark has appeared in a book, the title of the book and the name of its author, together with the number of the page upon which the Remarkable Remark is to be found, must be submitted.

All Remarkable Remarks must be accompanied by a single sentence explaining why the contributor considers the contributed remark remarkable.

In case two or more contributors submit the same Remarkable Remark which is judged worthy of any prize, the contributor whose Remarkable Remark is accompanied by the best—briefest and wittiest—explanatory sentence will be awarded the prize.

The editors of the Outlook are the sole judges of the contest and are ineligible to compete. All contributions should be sent to the Remarkable Remarks Editor.

▶▶ Prose and Worse ◀◀

▶▶*How to Tell Ghandi From Grandi*

Ghandi wears a loincloth,
Grandi wears pants,
And the former's very handy with his vowels and consonants
(I mean Ghandi)
But when Grandi
Gets up on the stand, he
Scatters extra vowels with a wild extravagance.
Ghandi eats birdseed,
Grandi eats spaghett'.
Ghandi has a goat that the British can't get,
And as an Indi*an* de
voted to his land, 'e
Hopes you understand 'e
Hates British dominance.
Ghandi squats on a table,
Grandi sits on a chair
(If a chair is handy);
If he has to stand, he
Gets a little restless like any other standee.
Both of 'em are dark,
Neither of 'em's sandy,
Neither of 'em cares much for Amos and Andy.
Grandi trains his goatee while Ghandi trains his goat
(He dotes on the goat).
He hasn't any buttons to button up his coat
(He hasn't any coat—
Any coat, pants, vest—
And as for the rest
The least said the best;
You ought to have buttons in the civilized west).
While as for Grandi,
He's always spick and spandy,
All dressed up like a box of Christmas candy.
But anyhow we think that they're both just dandy.

☆☆☆☆☆☆

We gave you last week the results of some of our researches in *The Girl's Own Book*. Since then we have delved deeper into what we can only describe as a veritable mine of information, and are ready to impart all sorts of original ideas on games, amusements and genteel occupations. Some of the instructions are a bit sketchy, but if instruction is lacking, admonition seldom is. As for instance under "Snowballing." "I like this exercise because it is played in the open air. Endurance of cold is a very good thing: it makes the constitution hardy. But rudeness and violence must never be allowed in this, or any other game: little girls should never forget that they are miniature ladies." And of another game: "this simple game must be played with great good humor; if any crying or disputing begins, the play should stop at once."

"Active exercises"—swinging, jumping rope and other such furious pastimes—have a separate section devoted to them. Swinging is "dangerous unless used with discretion. Little girls should never be ambitious to swing higher than their companions. It is, at best, a foolish ambition, and may lead to dangerous accidents. Any little girl is unpardonable who pushes another violently while she is swinging." And in jumping rope: "This play should likewise be used with caution. I have known instances of blood vessels burst by young ladies who, in a silly attempt to jump a certain number of hundred times, have persevered in jumping after their strength was exhausted." Running games, considered evidently as practically suicidal, are not even mentioned. But calisthenics are great fun. "Many people think them dangerous, because they confound them with the ruder and more daring gymnastics of boys, but such exercises are selected as are free from danger."

Throughout the book a high moral tone underlies even the games, and the author has always at least one finger pointing to higher things. "Little girls should be careful when walking or sitting to turn the feet out. The habit of turning the feet toward each other is extremely awkward. The practice of shrugging the shoulders is still more so: they should be carried as low as possible.

"I once saw a little girl kneel and pray when she thought nobody heard her, 'Our Father, forgive me for striking my little brother today; and help me not to strike him again; for oh! if he should die, how sorry I should be that I struck him.' It was a simple and holy prayer. God did help her to govern her quick temper; and when she was twelve years old, she was as mild and gentle as a lamb."

The author must have practiced what she preached, for she is as mild and humble as six lambs. In writing the book "I have relied on my own judgment and experience: therefore there is little doubt of numerous imperfections." And: "Whether *my* share in the formation of this little book (she wrote the whole thing) is deserving of popular favor is extremely doubtful; I am only sure that it contains nothing to corrupt or mislead." In which pious certainty we must now leave her.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

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From the Life

Miracle

He was known professionally as a sandhog. His work was obscure and—if asked, he would have said—unremarkable. For he spent his time digging.

But where other men tramped to work or rode to work, jumping into earthy ditches or climbing into stony excavations, the sandhog breathed his way to work—sliding lower and lower, with the air pressure becoming heavier and heavier, until he disappeared completely beneath the smooth and secret water. By the time he arrived in the dim womb of the river his blood and lungs were reluctantly resigned to a new world and he began, anchored in mud, heartily to dig.

So once you were used to regulating the air pressure there was nothing to it, he would have told you, but digging. All you wanted brains for on this job was so that you wouldn't be a fool when it came time to quit and let yourself up too fast. You had to get used to it easy, see? And regulate the air pressure gradually so's you could stand the world again. Or you'd find yourself crazy with the bends. What were the bends? Well, you couldn't move, see? All doubled up with cramps. Paralyzed. Terrible pain they said, the fellows that had it, like your body went on a strike because you hadn't given in to it and coaxed it gradual till it could take the change—natural.

Otherwise a fellow could spend his time down there under the river thinking about anything he liked.

On the day that the baby was one week old, the sandhog thought about his wife and son. He couldn't believe it although he had known it all his life. Children had been born all around him every minute, he supposed, ever since he had been born himself, and he had never taken it in before that it was a miracle. He had just accepted it, he thought without irony, like the air he breathed. And here it was—a miracle. Almost a shock. Two people, see? and then without their thinking much about it somebody brand new. Made perfect. Knowing when it was hot and cold and time to eat. Two legs to wear pants on and hands to grab with. He couldn't think about it enough. He couldn't get used to it. He could hardly wait for the hour today when he'd be going to the hospital to bring them home.

The minute work was over he made himself ready for the world over his head and ascended as quickly as he could. At home he was taking the stairs two at a time when he heard his name called from below.

"Telephone from the hospital this afternoon," announced the janitress severely. "They say weather's bad an' you better come tomorrow."

He went up the next three flights slowly and unlocked the door of the flat. He lit the light and looked around him. Everything was ready. He got himself a bite and then he fixed up the place some more, moving the crib to a more protected corner, hanging the colored photograph of a puppy, moving the chairs so they looked better. Then he went to bed.

It must have been hours later—he couldn't remember going to sleep or where he was or who he was, for agony—when he woke up. His body was no longer himself, it was a hell of anguish. He struggled to move, to reach a light, and fell heavily out of bed. Then he remembered. The riverbed—hurrying for something—air pressure—the bends.

He pitched headlong through the open window.

He came to himself a second later, it seemed to him, lying on his bed again, his mind clear as glass. The light was on, bright and staring, and there was a cop standing at the foot of the bed.

"The bends," he managed to whisper. "Take me quick—air compressor—" and he gave the address clearly and exactly.

When he found himself again he was in Heaven, in an ecstasy of breathing. He recognized the inside of the compression tank and gave himself up gradually to the slow relief from pain.

"Lucky you could give the company's address," the ambulance doctor was saying cheerfully as they rolled along through the streets of early morning. "All we had to do, of course, was raise the pressure to the degree at which you were working yesterday, lowering it gradually until—"

"Where we going?" interrupted the patient hazily.

"Going? We're going to get your arms and legs and ribs set up again. Falling four floors down like that, it's a wonder you're alive. We're going to the hospital, that's where we're going."

The words hospital reminded him. It all came back in a flood of light.

"Say, Doctor," confided the patient weakly, "I got a baby—and I been thinking—birth—ain't it a miracle?"

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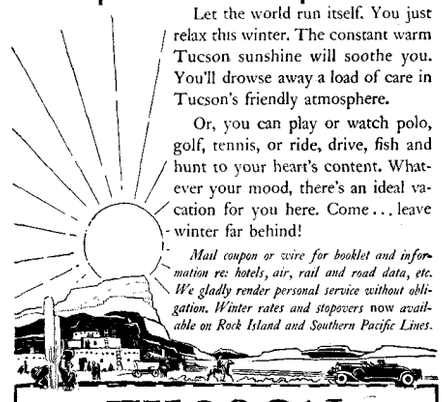

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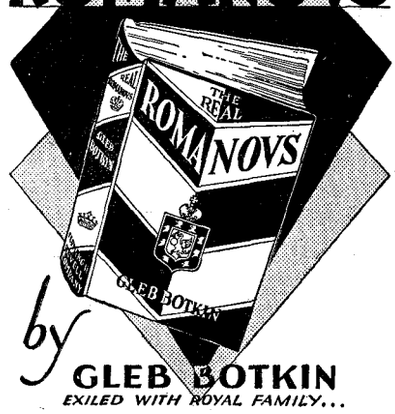

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When Congress Fought T. R.

(Continued from Page 466)

ing and to protection of the President. Regarding this change, the President said:

. . . . This amendment has been of benefit only, and could be of benefit only, to the criminal classes. . . . The chief argument in favor of the provision was that the Congressmen did not themselves wish to be investigated by Secret Service men . . . . Very little of such investigation has been done in the past; but . . . . I do not believe that it is in the public interest to protect criminals in any branch of the public service and exactly as we have . . . . prosecuted and convicted . . . criminals . . . . in the executive branch . . . . so in my belief we should be given ample means to prosecute them if found in the legislative branch. But if this is not considered desirable, a special exception could be made in the law prohibiting the use of the Secret Service force in investigating members of Congress . . . .

Plans to rebuke the Chief Executive for this culminating insult began to take shape at once. Back of the anger lay suspicion that the President was using the Secret Service to obtain interesting data when the gentlemen of Congress trod the primrose path. Roosevelt's private letters offer no substantiation of these theories, but in Washington the current opinion was that the President received confidential reports from the Secret Service.

Roosevelt's message of December 8, 1908, was followed by a conference in Speaker Cannon's office and by the appointment of a committee of investigation. On December 11, Representative James B. Perkins of Rochester, New York, said that the dignity of Congress "should be properly maintained . . . . the statements made by the President of the United States cannot be lightly disregarded." On December 16, the guns of the Senate bombardment opened. Senator Aldrich, himself, drafted a resolution of condemnation and inquiry. The childish quarrel continued as the Christmas recess approached. On December 19, even Cabot Lodge turned against his friend in the White House. The journal of the previous day's Senate session was being read, when a clerk from the White House appeared with a presidential message. According to custom, it was suggested that the proceedings be interrupted to receive the message, but the Senator from Massachusetts jumped to his feet.

"I object," he said, "let the reading of the journal go on."

Ultimately the Senate adjourned without taking notice of the communication from the White House. It was a studied rebuke.

The resolution of the House had called upon Roosevelt to present proof of any wrongdoing on the part of its members. He replied on January 4, 1909, in a manner which further aggravated the hostility. He denied any intention of shadowing the members of Congress, but he reiterated his contention that restriction of Secret Service operations was a boon to the criminal class. On the following day, in a letter to Senator Eugene Hale, the President attacked his old enemy, Senator Tillman of South Carolina. As "illustrating in striking fashion," the usefulness of detectives and investigators, Roosevelt offered evidence that the South Carolinian had abused his franking privilege.

Three days later the House of Representatives voted to reject the message of January 4, 1909, on the ground that it lacked due respect. Party lines were wholly ignored in the vote of 212 to 35; an act of congressional chastisement which no President since Andrew Jackson had suffered. This spelled final defeat for Roosevelt's program which, in its more important aspects, would have been rejected in any event. Probably both the President and Dr. Butler were, in a way, correct. On the one hand, Roosevelt had defeated himself. On the other, the very recklessness of his language advanced the day when workmen's compensation, the inheritance tax, valuation of railroad properties and the rest of the reforms were adopted. He made these heresies familiar. They were still heresies, however, when he left the White House.

Undoubtedly Theodore Roosevelt would have been happier but for the limitations imposed by the Constitution and by Congress. He saw so many evils and evolved so many cures.

The libel action against the New York *World*, the world voyage of the fleet, the order that corpulent army officers must be able to ride horseback for a specified distance—all these were pleasantly picturesque activities of the closing years. The end of the reign would not have been complete, however, had there not been at least a minor controversy with some foreign monarch and the opportunity for this arose when that most intriguing adversary, the German Kaiser, objected to an ambassador whom Roosevelt proposed to despatch to Berlin. It was one thing for Theodore Roosevelt to apply pressure upon the British and German foreign offices to have Cecil Spring-Rice and Speck von Sternberg detailed to Washington. It was quite another to have Wilhelm II object to an American ambassador to Germany.

On November 8, 1907, the State Department announced the selection of David Jayne Hill, then American minister at the Hague, and a diplomat of distinction, as the new ambassador to Germany. No reason existed to suppose, however, that Wilhelm would object to the successor who would relieve the Kaiser's American friend; Ambassador Tower had asked to be relieved. On March 16, 1908, however, Tower wrote, directly to Roosevelt, regarding a conversation on the previous day:

. . . . The Emperor . . . . expressed with much earnestness the hope that you will not appoint Mr. David J. Hill. . . . The Emperor said: ". . . . He is not the sort of man we ought to have here and I do not want him. . . . My brother, Prince Henry, knew this Mr. Hill in America, and he tells me that he will not do at all for Germany. . . . All my reports from the Hague are unfavorable. . . ."

A visitor in Berlin at the time was Lloyd Griscom, American ambassador to Rome, and to him, also, the Kaiser described his regret that Hill, *"Einer ganz kleiner Mann,"* had been selected. Griscom, on March 16, reported at length to Roosevelt, quoting Wilhelm:

. . . . We have now a little rosebud of friendship which is sprouting but requires the most careful nursing. It would really be a most serious thing for me, and I believe for the United States, if we allow it to die. I am convinced that our plant will wither and our whole structure fall to the ground if a man of the type of Mr. Hill is sent here. . . . Try to give your President an idea

Through a Glass Darkly

From the Trend of the Week in the Outlook of December 12, 1951

Within forty-eight hours of the airplane crash two weeks ago in which Senator Goodman sustained various injuries at polo, the following had been received at the Walter Reed Hospital for installation in the popular senator: A set of Pyrolin teeth, a Tams-Bernner wig, one Bausch & Lomb eye-lenz, two Akoustikon ear drums, an American Blower left lung, two General Motors universal knee joints and a Worthington heart.

The directors of the Wholesalers & Retailers Association at its meeting last Monday awarded a special gold medal to Edward Lee Bern for conceiving and carrying out the idea of creating a volume of gift buying through the establishment of the Fourth of July as a "Midsummer Christmas."

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of what a great position your Embassy has here in Berlin today. . . . I am determined that it shall not be lost if I can help it. . . .

The "little rosebud of friendship" was in danger of a severe frost, however, when the attitude of the Kaiser toward Dr. Hill became public. On March 25, 1908, Secretary of State Root expressed surprise; the German Foreign Office had, on November 6, 1907, acquiesced in his appointment. On March 26, 1908, the newspapers carried a despatch from Berlin that Dr. Hill was not acceptable. This was followed by vague information from the State Department at Washington that some opposition had been expressed at Berlin. The resulting public comment, based on the presumption of the German government in attempting to interfere with appointments by the President of the United States, caused annoyance and alarm in Berlin.

Some one had to be sacrificed so that an explanation could be offered to the public. The evidence is clear, I think, that Roosevelt decided to sacrifice Tower. After all, he was merely an ambassador; the Kaiser was a monarch. It was revealed at Washington that the White House was irritated, that Mr. Tower had talked too much in Berlin. Roosevelt convinced himself that the American ambassador's "usefulness at Berlin is ended. . . ." His resignation was formally requested, as of June 1, instead of in the late summer.

AGAIN, the facts? Rumors reached Washington of a dinner in Berlin on March 13 at which the Kaiser had lightly expressed regret that Hill was to be the new ambassador. On April 4, in a letter of rebuke, Roosevelt told Tower that the leak had been at the American Embassy in Berlin, that he was responsible for it, for the "mischief . . . . caused by the affair." This was based, considering the effect of the President's action on Tower's reputation, on sparse evidence. At least one of the newspaper accounts of the opposition toward Hill came, not from Tower, but from the State Department at Washington. It was perfectly clear that some one had talked regarding a confidential cable despatched by Tower on March 21. Roosevelt, himself, in a lengthy letter to the Kaiser, admitted he was not certain whether the information had come from the American Embassy.

Suave letters passed between the President and the Kaiser. ". . . . If I had only been notified privately that you preferred some one else, I should have at once made the change," said Roosevelt on April 4. . . . "[I] feel that you were wise in having your Government state that there was no objection to Hill's appointment." . . . . "I need not assure you that Mr. Hill will meet with a sympathetic reception . . . . he will be most welcome," answered Wilhelm.

On October 28, 1904, the President's birthday, Elihu Root had scribbled a note of congratulation that Roosevelt had reached "the respectable age of forty-six."

"You have made a very good start in life," he said, "and your friends have great hopes for you when you grow up."

This was Roosevelt's tragedy, for he had just turned fifty when the end of the reign arrived. Politics was his true profession; and he had held the most exalted office in the realm of American politics. Wisdom, experience and precedent; all of them dictated that he lay down the scepter. Roosevelt's intelligence, as distinct from his emotions, made him well aware that only trouble would follow any other course. What, however, was he to do? Becoming the ostensible head, the window dressing for some vast corporation, was quite unthinkable. He did not really enjoy writing. He might have found satisfaction in teaching, but no offer came.

One position, opportunely open, might have pleased Roosevelt. On October 26, 1908, President Eliot of Harvard resigned. It was natural that Roosevelt should be considered as Eliot's successor. He was a Harvard man. He was far more of a scholar, despite the prejudices which clouded his historical writings, than most of the men who had been in the White House. William James, who had once taught Roosevelt, the undergraduate, felt that the President was, in many ways, qualified to fill the place of Eliot. It was, perhaps, as well that the post was not offered to Roosevelt. The rôle of Overseer, to which Roosevelt had been elevated in 1895, was actually as close an approach to the cloisters of the academic as was safe.

" . . . . I felt," he told Owen Wister, after one meeting, "like a bulldog who had strayed into a symposium of perfectly clean, white Persian cats."

The problem of an occupation for ex-Presidents of the United States is always acute, and was unusually so in Roosevelt's case. In May, 1906, Dr. Butler had suggested that he become a candidate for the Senate, and thereby provide "on March 4, 1909, the unprecedented and dramatic spectacle of the outgoing President taking the oath of office as Senator before proceeding with his successor . . . . to the east front of the Capitol to hear the inaugural address." "Offhand," answered the President, "I can only say that I should be greatly pleased by what you propose."

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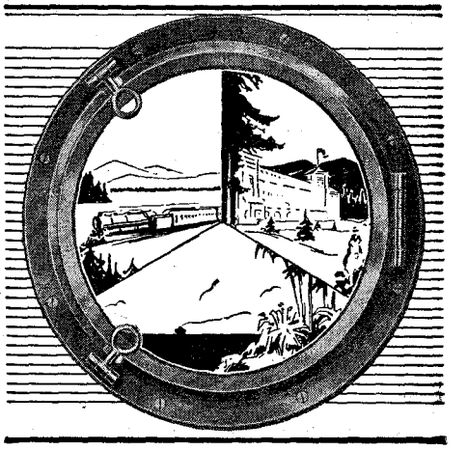

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But what would the attitude of Platt and Odell be? Nothing came of it, nor of a proposition to become Mayor of New York.

"I do not think I can undertake reminiscences," he told the editor of *The Century* two years later, "and I do not want to go around the world; and I won't be Mayor or Senator. There! That looks like a mild negative confession of faith . . . . "

BY THE summer of 1908, Roosevelt had decided upon the only possible use of his talents. He told his friend and admirer, Lyman Abbott, that he would write twelve articles a year for *The Outlook*, the weekly journal of opinion which then most closely reflected his political beliefs. For this he was to be paid $12,000 a year. First, however, he would spend a year hunting in Africa; not only for the sake of the sport, but because he was anxious to leave Taft unhampered in his arduous task of beginning an administration. This, he said, "is my last chance for . . . . a 'great adventure'."

The Roosevelt years were really ending as March, 1909, drew close. There was a hint of it, faint and imperceptible, when the fleet returned from its voyage around the globe and President Roosevelt welcomed it on February 22, 1909, at Hampton Roads, Virginia. The ships were still white as they steamed, a seven mile line, passed the *Mayflower* and crashed out the Presidential salute. Soon they dropped anchor, and barges were darting toward the President's yacht. The higher officers were presented to their Commander-in-Chief.

"Not until some American fleet returns victorious from a great sea battle," he said, "will there be another such homecoming, and such a sight." Then he raised his glass. "I drink to the American Navy!"

After the Roosevelt years came reality, and the hint of the future lay in an order transmitted to the fleet that night. The brilliant white, the gilt and the brass which had been its dress was to be changed to gray and gunmetal. These ships were engines of destruction, not pretty playthings.

The formalities of the Taft inauguration remained, but in reality the Roosevelt Administration ended on March 1, 1909. That day, at noon, a luncheon was tendered to the "Tennis Cabinet." Among the thirty-one guests were Root, Ambassador Jusserand, Supreme Court Justice Moody, Postmaster-General Meyer, Secretary of the Interior Garfield, Gifford Pinchot, and Secretary of the Navy Metcalf. But also there were Bill Sewall, who had been with Roosevelt in Maine and in the Bad Lands, Jack Abernathy, who had astonished him by catching wolves with his bare hands, and Seth Bullock, United States Marshal of Oklahoma. Roosevelt told them that, nominally, his guests were present as members of the "Tennis Cabinet." Actually they were there because "you are the men . . . . with whom I have worked while I have been President. No Administration has ever had finer or more loyal service . . . . The credit has come to me, to the chief of the Administration . . . . I greet you for yourselves . . . . I greet you still more as symbolizing others." The President's words were commonplace enough, but emotion was close to the surface as he spoke and many of his guests wept openly.

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Next week Mr. Pringle tells of an early budding friendship between the pre-presidential Roosevelt and Professor Woodrow Wilson, a friendship that was to turn to bitterness, at least on Roosevelt's part. But in these years of the Taft administration another "friendship was to go to pieces like a rope of sand,"—that of Taft and T. R. La Follette, too, was to feel later that his friend Roosevelt cheated him out of the nomination in 1912. Roosevelt, in expounding the New Nationalism, was drifting, not set on any plan, hoping, perhaps, that Destiny would call him again as the Republican nominee

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Culbertson: Soldier of Fortune

(Continued from Page 461)

around the corner he takes a taxicab. He hates to dress. One can usually find him in his apartment at the Hotel Chatham in New York in a dark green dressing gown and pajamas which he wears far into the afternoon. He never writes at a table or desk. He prefers to do this work in bed. He conducts his business through three secretaries whom he directs by telephone. Smoking is his one vice. He starts every day with a fresh tin of 100 particularly strong Egyptian cigarettes and rarely consumes less than 70. His one vanity is a pair of suspenders with gold buckles.

He is now at work in collaboration with Raffalovitch, former member of the Russian Duma, on a book in which he will try to prove the inevitability of war between the Bolshevists and the United States. It remains to be seen whether Culbertson can interest the bridge world in another kind of war.

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